What Every Young Man Should Know, By Addison Hibbard

The Saturday Review of Literature

Vol. XXIV No. 6 New York, Saturday, May 31, 1941 Fifteen Cents

"THE LONG WEEK END: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1918-1939"
By Robert Graves and Alan Hodge
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

"REASON IN MADNESS"
By Allen Tate
Reviewed by Jacques Barzun

"MEN OF WEALTH"
By John T. Flynn
Reviewed by Palmer Harman

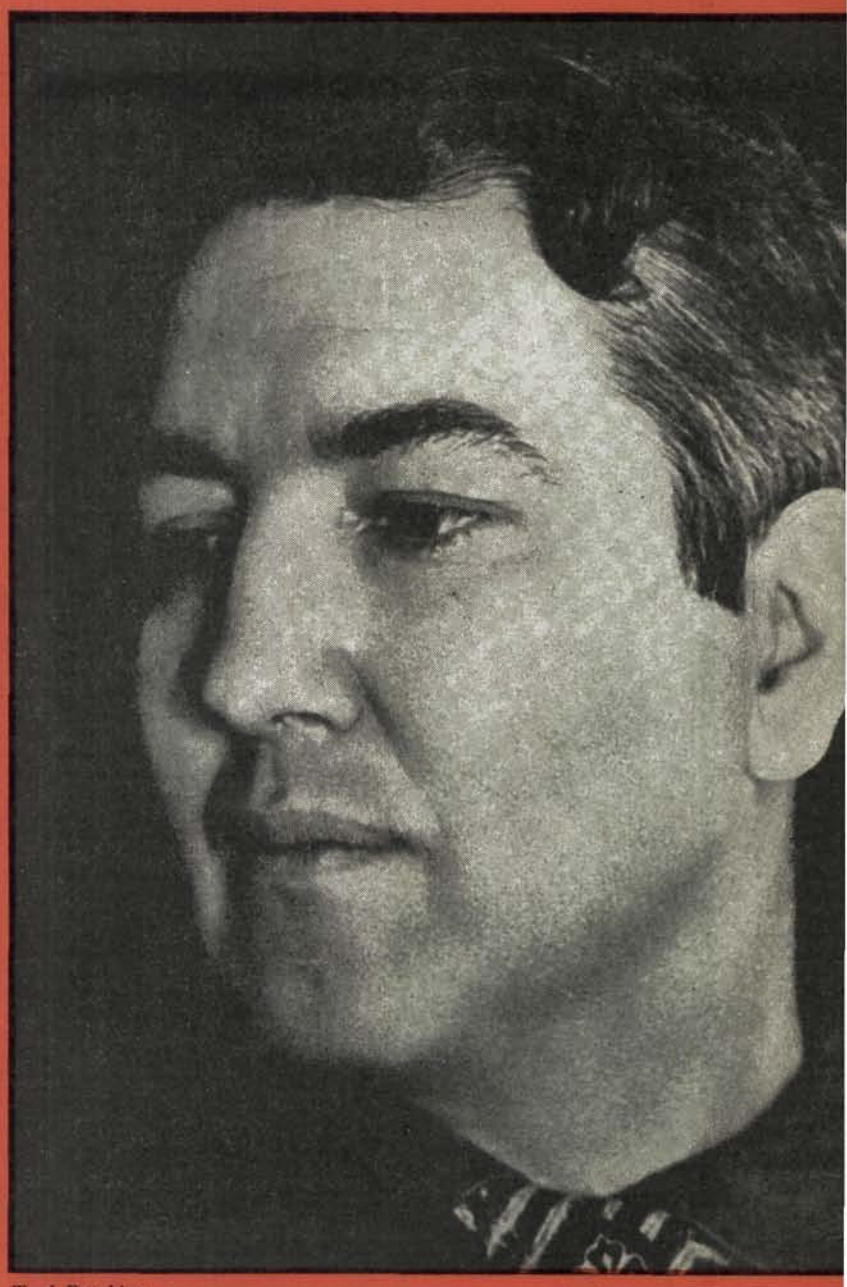
LECTURES, CYCLES, AND POETS
By Louis Untermeyer

"THE FIGHT FOR THE PACIFIC"
By Mark J. Gayn
Reviewed by Robert Aura Smith

"WE ESCAPED"
Twelve Personal Narratives of the Flight to America
Reviewed by Erich Kahler

"THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC"
By W. D. Puleston
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE
TENN.
DE 1 '41



Ward Hutchison

ROBERT GRAVES, co-author of "The Long Week End." *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELLE STARR

"The Bandit Queen"

The TRUE STORY of the ROMANTIC and EXCITING

CAREER

Of the DARING and GLAMOROUS Lady

Famed in Legend and Story throughout the West
As the BEAUTIFUL GIRL Who Would never have WENT WRONG
if THINGS HADN'T GONE WRONG

The TRUE FACTS about the DASTARDLY DEEDS and

THE COME-UPPENCE

Of Such Dick Turpins, Robin Hoods and Rini Rinaldos

—AS—

The Youngers, the Jameses, the Daltons, the Starrs, the Doolins and the Jenningses

The REal StORY

With court RECORDS and cONtemPoraRY
NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS
And Testimony of Old Nesters, here and there, in the Southwest

A VERITABLE Exposee of
BADMEN and MARSHALS
and Why Crime Does Not Pay!

by BURTON RASCOE

(Deputy Sheriff of Pottawatomie County, Shawnee, Oklahoma)

Published at $3.00 by
RANDOM HOUSE
NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

What Every Young Man Should Know

ADDISON HIBBARD

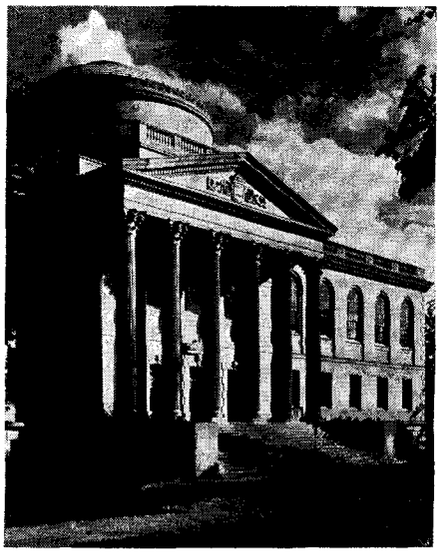
Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Northwestern University

ANY one book with a circulation of two million copies in a year would set some sort of a publishing record. And yet there are, perhaps, just this number of "catalogues" or "bulletins" of our universities and colleges issued each year—without cost to the reader it is true—and no one to my knowledge has even thought of them as constituting a factor in American literature. Issuing from these seats of educational and cultural activity these catalogues, one might expect, would somehow offer an index of this education and of this culture. Since I can't here consider all of the aspects of this phenomenon, I choose to confine myself to one phase—the descriptions they present of their various college campuses.

Plato, it appears, was a piker. He never issued a college catalogue replete with faculty roster, scholarship announcements, course descriptions, and rules forbidding—as one of our contemporary colleges forbids—the wearing of "mules" in the dormitories of Academe after nine o'clock at night. Nor did he ever set forth a statement glorifying the physical features of Academe—the drinking water, the view from the campus, the sewerage system, which the scholars who registered with him might reasonably expect to enjoy. A few olive trees appear to have been the only physical feature he knew how to capitalize. That is why I say, in comparison with educational institutions of America, Plato was a piker.

If you don't believe me, turn the pages of some of these college and university catalogues. They rarely miss a trick. Is the college in a small town? Then its smallness recommends it as a "quaint" college town. It is a village, as one bulletin informs us, where "the moral influences surrounding the students render them as free from temptation to evil habits as they could be anywhere, outside the influence of a Christian home." Or, to quote the words of another college, the site "as a religious town, a school town, a town that seeks only good citizens, is one of the cleanest cities of Texas, physically and morally." No gun toting there; even the dean seems to feel safe. And, again, there is a college in Iowa, on the Skunk river it admits, which is located in a town that "makes for sober, righteous and Godly living." In fact, so enthusiastic does one institution in Florida become that, as evidence of the town's culture, it points, with confidence and assurance, to the fact that the state legislature meets in the city.

THIS tendency to boast of the location of our educational institutions is not, however, restricted to the colleges in small towns. College publicity writers are not so innocent as that! It is true that universities in our larger cities—New York, Chicago, Boston—are so complacent as usually to let the importance of these cities go unsung. But, even so, many of them point with pride to the museums, the operas, the symphony concerts which a student taking up residence with them may enjoy. The college situated in a suburb of a large city is, however, the most raucous in the hymning of its advantages. The suburban institution offers, you see, both sets of attractions; it has the broad acres of green lawns, the avenues of elms, the quiet of seclusion, the "atmosphere" of a small town *plus* the museums for study, the operas and art galleries for culture, of the large city. Such an institution boasts, as does the University of Missouri, that its location "offers the opportunities of a larger city without any of its distractions."



University of North Carolina Library

All in all it is a game which cannot be beaten: the small town is sold on its "atmosphere," the large city on its "cultural advantages," and the suburb on its dual offering of both oaks and opera. And if a school happens to find itself in a community which cannot boast any of these, what then? Well, there is a college in New Mexico which, seemingly hard pressed for selling points, urges that its public buildings, its homes, "give evidence of a growing desire for progress." At least the *desire* is there and the college is not going to let you forget that.

Why, I know one institution which, as a final resort, cites as its distinction the fact that it is located on a "broad slab of concrete" which runs through the center of the state! Some of these claims may be of interest to you. Here is a college in Iowa, for instance, "located on the point of intersection of five paved highways," one in Colorado in a town which has been "from its beginning an outpost of culture and intellectual interests," one in an Arkansas village cited by the State Board of Health "as one of the most healthful points in Arkansas," one in a city in North Carolina noted for "the elevated mental and moral tone of its society," and one in an Ohio town which is a "center of the oil industry." And the institution where I labor has been known to capitalize, particularly in its bulletin for the summer session, the breezes of Lake Michigan.

VERILY, the American College Publicity Ass'n has learned its lesson well. The publicity people sell climate as well as "broad slabs of con-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crete." "Salubrious" is a useful word here and the reports of the United States Weather Bureau offer convincing evidence. The University of Arizona offers sunshine eighty-five percent of the days of the year; the rainfall at the University of Oregon is confined chiefly to the winter months and limited to thirty-eight and a half inches. A college in Hastings, Nebraska, announces that "the climate is healthful, and the drinking water is regarded as unsurpassed," and the climate of Greensboro, North Carolina, we learn, is not only "salubrious" but "delightful." Tallahassee, Florida—farther South—boasts both a "delightful climate" and "a health record hardly surpassed in the country." We find that the "invigorating atmosphere" of Silver City, New Mexico, "makes it one of the most favored regions in America." Truly, where God has been kind there is no reason why the colleges should not accept his beneficence and publicize it. I wish only that Byrd had established a College of the Antarctic. I should like to read its bulletin.

WHEN our colleges have sold their climate, they turn to the physical features of the campus and environs. Rare is the institution which neglects to mention a fine view. "The historic campus of Milligan College," reads the bulletin of that institution in Tennessee,

> is richly endowed by nature and universally admired. The beautiful groves of trees, the graceful driveways, with clumps of shrubbery on either side, the winding creek with the giant oaks on the hillside and the mountains roundabout—altogether constitute an imposing scene of unusual beauty.

Iowa, too, has its claims to charm. Cornell College at Mt. Vernon notes:

> The great number of elms, maples, and other trees, many of them surviving from the primitive forest, along with the well-kept lawns, break any possible severity of building outlines and help create a charming view that elicits expressions of admiration from thousands of tourists passing through the town on the highway.

Bethany College in West Virginia calls attention to its elevation and its "picturesque and inspiring scenery." "The sloping lawns, the gardens of flowers and shrubbery" fill the visitor to Carroll College (Wisconsin) "with admiration." The campus of Butler University (Indiana) "vies in beauty with almost any in the country." Millsaps College (Mississippi) is "situated on a beautiful eminence." In the canyons of the campus of Mills College (California) "are native oak and poppy." But lest the reader conclude that the colleges of New England are superior to this sort of publicity, I quote the catalogue of Holy Cross (Massachusetts):

> To the north is an extensive and most delightful view of the city . . . Over and beyond its many towers and spires, the summit of Mt. Wachusett looms high against the northern horizon.

After reading a series of these descriptions set forth by the colleges, one somehow begins to wonder just what is the ratio between shrubs and students. How much is one elm tree worth on registration day? and does a mountain view balance the institution's budget successfully? In Crete, Nebraska, there is a college which points to its locality as "a favorable region for bird study," and Lincoln Memorial University indicates that the institution "has a good supply of pure spring water from a stream in King Solomon's cave . . . " The John B. Stetson University (Florida), on the other hand, thinks it worth while to mention that "it is not close to any water, running or standing." Other institutions I find pointing with pride to caves, marble quarries, the presence of natural gas and long distance telephone as seductive aspects of their locale. The largest campus in the country, if I am to believe the bulletin of the college and I do believe it, is that of Middlebury College, Vermont. Middlebury owns, in addition to its campus proper and athletic grounds "a mountain estate of 15,000 acres including some of the highest peaks in the state."

One would not, normally, turn to these college bulletins in the expectancy of finding poetry. But some of the institutions become lyrical in praise of their environs and settings. One college, for instance, calls attention to its "flowering hawthorne." (I have always thought it one of the most beautiful of blossoms as well as the most poetic of names.) Another college avows that "here Nature's gifts—clear air, pure water, and glorious views—abound." And "abound" is a good word, too. But the most rhapsodical description of a campus I have come across hails from the University of Nevada, written, I feel sure, by some member of the old Southern school of oratory:

> The scenery is magnificent . . . On the west are the Sierra Nevada Mountains, pine clad, crowned with snow the year round, and towering to majestic heights, the white summit of Mount Rose, queen of the range . . . On the east are the lower gray-brown Virginia Mountains, endlessly restful with their subdued lights and their velvet shadows. These two ranges unite in low hills to the north, while to the south a

(*Continued on page* 19)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW
By Addison Hibbard 3

LECTURES, CYCLES, AND POETS
By Louis Untermeyer 10

Reviews

THE LONG WEEK END: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1918-1939
By Robert Graves and Alan Hodge
Reviewed by Crane Brinton 5

MEN OF WEALTH
By John T. Flynn
Reviewed by Palmer Harman 6

THE REVEREND BEN POOL
By Louis Paul
Reviewed by Bess Jones 6

REASON IN MADNESS
By Allen Tate
Reviewed by Jacques Barzun 7

THE FUN I'VE HAD
By Bayard Veiller
Reviewed by Phil Stong 11

LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE
By H. Allen Smith
Reviewed by Oliver Harrison 11

THE FIGHT FOR THE PACIFIC
By Mark J. Gayn
Reviewed by Robert Aura Smith 12

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC
By W. D. Puleston
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt 12

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY
By Frances Eisenberg
Reviewed by Rosemary C. Benét 14

WHISTLE STOP
By Maritta M. Wolff
Reviewed by Joseph Hilton Smyth 14

WE ESCAPED
TWELVE PERSONAL NARRATIVES
Edited by William Allan Neilson
Reviewed by Erich Kahler 15

JOHN STERLING
By Anne Kimball Tuell
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 16

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE
By Gen. Charles de Gaulle
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz 16

I GO BY SEA, I GO BY LAND
By P. L. Travers
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr 17

THE LION OF YANINA
By Stoyan Christowe
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly 19

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 7
EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 18
AUTHOR, AUTHOR! 20
BOOKS IN BRIEF 20
TRADE WINDS 21
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 375 23

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; George Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIV, No. 6, May 31, 1941. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain's Yesterday

CRANE BRINTON

EDMUND BURKE, in a famous phrase, said that he did not know how to indict a nation. He might, had he been more metaphysically inclined, have added that he did not know how to describe a nation. Certainly the efforts men have made to pin down with words the reality of a nation—or of any other association of human beings—have so far resulted in no general agreement. At one extreme, Englishmen such as Bentham and Herbert Spencer have sometimes written as if they thought that such associations are somehow "unreal," that a nation is only a sort of statistical assembling of so many separate and sovereign individual human beings. At the other extreme, Englishmen like Bradley and Bosanquet, sometimes have written as if they thought that a nation is in the fullest sense an entity, an organism, that human beings within the nation have no more separate individual existence than 20 body cells. And also, perhaps characteristically, these Englishmen commonly refused to stand rigorously by their implied extremes. Bentham and Spencer were quite willing to admit that for all practical purposes the British nation exists, and Bradley and Bosanquet did not quite turn the individual bound hand and foot over to the kind of servitude to the nation-state the organic theory often assumes. For your complete social atomist as for your complete mystic devotee of the supremacy of the state, you will have to turn elsewhere—to Germany, or France, or Russia.

Yet even those of us who eschew metaphysics, and make our terms with what we fondly call commonsense, are sometimes bothered with doubts in such matters. What do we mean when we say—or pray—that there will always be an England? Man, puny and innumerous organism though he is, has been a remarkable geological agent, but nobody thinks the British Isles can be sunk in the Atlantic. At a very simple level, we may be disturbed—and if we are Scotch we are certain to be disturbed—at the way England seems often to mean also Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, and even the whole British Empire. But this is a minor, if apparently insuperable, difficulty. Let us agree that we mean that we mean that there will always be a Great Britain, and then lapse into the comfortable metonymy of "England." There will always be an England. But will there always be a Crown and a House of Lords? Always a Chamberlain as well as a Churchill? Always Mayfair, Compton Wynytes, Whitchurch Canonicorum, Limehouse, Margate, the Black Country, and Port Sunlight? Always Wodehouse, A. E. Housman, and T. S. Eliot? Always tea, cricket, *The Times*, and the long week-end? Always butter, with or without guns? Always pounds, shillings, and pence? But the list could be endless. The point is that even for observers on this side of the Atlantic who know their England only through those sources of information and misinformation the press, the camera, and radio have made so abundant in the modern world, the concept "England" is of extraordinary complexity. We may—and quite justifiably and sensibly—sum up and focus what sociologists would awkwardly call our "attitudes" towards England with grand, vague terms like liberty and democracy. But we hanker after something more concrete, after the satisfying details of ordinary unreflective living.

Such details are piled thick in one of the most interesting books to come out of England during this war.* The authors have done for England something like what Mr. F. L. Allen did for the United States in his "Only Yesterday" and "Since Yesterday." From newspapers, periodicals, and personal experience they have assembled a record of the doings of all sorts of Britishers in the last two decades—and especially, as they admit, of Britishers whose interests center in metropolitan London. Naturally they could choose but a few of the infinite number of happenings recorded in the millions of words and pictures in print and in memory. But their choice has been catholic, their sampling most effective. Politics, literature, music, religion, dress, sport, manners and customs, *causes célèbres* and *faits divers* all give grist to their mill. Perhaps inevitably they pay more attention to what went into and on the bodies, and what went on in the minds, of ordinary cultivated Londoners than to similar details of the lives of working men and lower middle class people in the provinces. You could not find much in their book about how unemployed Welsh miners lived in these years. But at least the miners, too, read the newspapers, and learned about Archdeacon Wakeford, the Channel swimmers, and—at long last—Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

In spite of the joint authorship, the personality of Mr. Robert Graves is evident throughout. Indeed, there are moments when the Emperor Claudius seems to be at work on a social history of the British people between two wars. There are times, especially when literary figures like the two Lawrences appear, when the author of "Goodby to All That" turns up. But on the whole "The Long Week End" is by no means a subjective chronicle. The authors achieve a surprising degree of what professional historians like to call objectivity. The facts, for instance, in what must to all Englishmen be a very touchy case, that of the abdication of Edward VIII, are here clearly and simply recorded, without benefit even of irony. Nor, in spite of the implications of the title of the book, is this a record of follies and crimes, a tract against the times. It is not even a rousing call to Englishmen to transcend the weaknesses evident in their recent past, and rise again to the heights of Wordsworth's patriotic sonnets. The authors are clearly aware that Byron was a contemporary of Wordsworth, that Jane Austen did not pay much attention to the necessity of beating Napoleon, and that even in times of crisis, England expects every Englishman to live up to his sense of humor.

Though this is not a war-book, it is bound to be read as such in America,

(*Continued on page* 18)

**THE LONG WEEK END: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1918-1939. By Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 439 pp., with index. $3.*

—Drawing by S. R. Jones, from "English Villages and Hamlets."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eleven Men and a Lady

MEN OF WEALTH. By John T. Flynn. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1941. 531 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

MR. FLYNN'S stout volume of the lives of millionaires (eleven men graced by the presence of one lady, Hetty Green) is a remarkable piece of work. These portraits have vitality and meaning, notwithstanding that the rich man lost his halo some years ago and in his fallen condition has been little more than a target for debunkers and reformers. A fine structural unity is imparted to the book by beginning it with Jacob Fugger of Augsburg, born in 1459 (who in some respects was more truly a founder of the dynasty of wealth than were the Italian bankers), and ending it with J. Pierpont Morgan, who to all present appearances marked the end of an era.

Within these wide limits Mr. Flynn has achieved, by selection and treatment, a surprising variety. Who would have thought of including Robert Owen, the industrial reformer, except to raise the question what the world would have been like if Owen's ideas had prevailed? Jostling Owen is John Law, gambler and manipulator, whose wealth, like Owen's, slipped through his fingers, but whose ideas about credit have been built into the fabric of the modern financial world. The Rothschilds are here to show the technique of money-getting by lending to princes. Cecil Rhodes demonstrates the connection between private wealth and empire building. Basil Zaharoff is an exhibit on warmongering. Mark Hanna illustrates the morganatic marriage of money and politics.

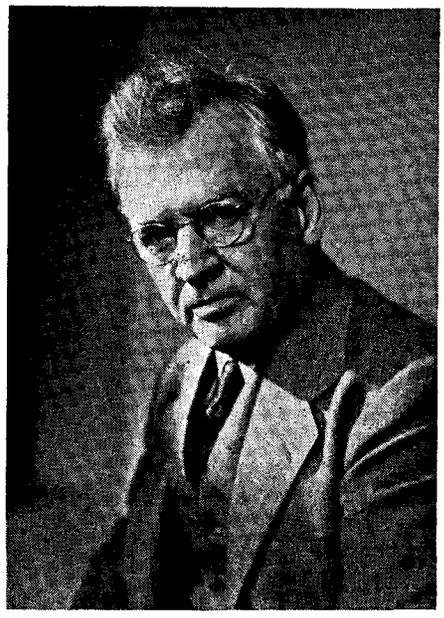
Mark Hanna was singled out by Davenport, the cartoonist, who began picturing him in a checked suit covered with dollar signs. Davenport probably inaugurated a new phase in the popular attitude toward rich men. As long as criticism was directed against anonymous bloated bondholders, the tariff, Wall Street, the trusts, and other pale abstractions, the legendary virtues of "success" would not down, and reform was stalled.

Davenport catered to and satisfied the human craving for a personal devil. For decades after Hanna's legal-tender garments had been laid away in moth-balls, the system he stood for enjoyed a riotous success. But anonymity was gone, the moral issue had been raised, and the American people, once confronted with a moral issue, never stop worrying about it until they have settled it, for better or for worse. The New Deal is a moral crusade, and Mark Hanna and Davenport were among its instigators.

Mr. Flynn also is worried about morals. He senses the power and the occasional dignity of his heroes and he will not dismiss them with a smear. They were not saints, but were they merely exploiters and buccaneers? Did they make a contribution for what they managed to collect?

The author's answer to this question is far from satisfying. Wealth, he broadly hints, is created by men working with their hands, shaping materials by their skill. This, somehow, fails to account for Beethoven and Rembrandt, Bessemer and Edison. It also fails to account for John D. Rockefeller, for whom Mr. Flynn has a high regard. So the solution is a compromise. The men who concentrated on creating material things—railroads, textile mills, oil refineries—get a qualified bill of health. Those who manipulated stocks and bonds, titles to wealth created by others, get a full blast of Mr. Flynn's scorn.

That, however, does not end the matter. If it did, this collection of sketches would lose much of its interest. If the financier is thrown out of politics, industry, empire building, and the security markets themselves, how will he "operate"? Or has he been thrown out?



John T. Flynn

Unfrocked Preacher

THE REVEREND BEN POOL. By Louis Paul. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

MR. PAUL writes with such a curious mixture of forthright raciness and downright literary pretentiousness, the reader unfamiliar with any of his other work is puzzled to know exactly what to think of him. Here he combines all the cynicism of the sentimentalist and all the sentimentality of the cynic. A homely young Presbyterian minister, given to platitudinous streaming consciousness, suddenly decided to leave his small church and go to New York City, where he thinks he may find the secret of something or at any rate feel more useful.

He wanders the street encountering all the cliches of urban literature—tired faces, Jews with racial memories, unshaven bums who touch him for a quarter, thinly clad prostitutes, undernourished bootblacks, and the shivering unemployed. They lead him to reflect with profoundly original insight that poverty and wealth walk side by side in a great city.

Is it parody, you ask yourself more in kindness than in amusement? Especially since the self-unfrocked preacher takes up lodgings in a "hall bedroom" at four dollars and a half a week in the house of a lady with a rough exterior and a heart of gold. There in his own quiet and often misunderstood way he serves most of the other roomers, nearly all of them frustrated souls who cover up their real softness with tough talk and harsh judgments on each other. These include a brash salesman, very cynical, very embittered, who eventually befriends the odd meddler who came into their lives; a seventeen-year old girl who attempts suicide because she is pregnant, abandoned, and has embezzled two hundred dollars from her trusting employers to pay a quack doctor for some pills that did no good; a hard-boiled dame who says she ain't got no use for no man—no man, it turns out, but the preacher, who teaches her how useful a man really can be. And so on.

An almost fatal case of pneumonia, recovery through love and care, aided by a disillusioned doctor who takes dope, and a Christmas party with touching little presents bring the story to its climax, after which, several hundred pages having been covered, it appears that Ben's quest for his soul takes him back to Missouri. Everybody left behind is presumably better and wiser for the Love that has been shed on all.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Tate's "Radical Dualism"

REASON IN MADNESS. By Allen Tate. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

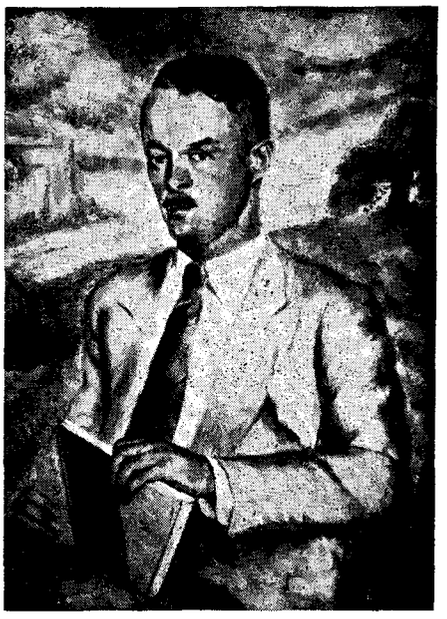
MR. TATE'S latest collection of essays touches upon so many important questions of art, politics, philosophy, and criticism, and does it so deftly and delicately, that it is impossible to give a fair resumé of his position. His main contention is that the criticism of literature must give up the familiar and quite useless historicism of the schools, the sociologist, and the political critic. It must return to a consideration of form as the only manifestation of contents and it must accept literature as "the complete knowledge of man's experience." The new essay expounding this thesis begins with an epigraph from Pascal about certainty and ends with a sentence that amounts to an expansion of the Thinking Reed image; in the middle, Mr. Tate declares his point of view to be a radical dualism of matter and spirit.

Throughout the subsequent pages, the attack on what the author aptly calls the "demi-religion of positivism" is pursued to what seems to me complete victory. Both in his objections—particularly those bearing on semantics—and in his use of the opposite tradition of criticism, Mr. Tate shows that every "method" which reduces literature to something else, instead of taking it as an inexhaustible object of contemplation, is self-stultifying. But from this demonstration, Mr. Tate infers propositions that may in the long run be fully as dangerous to letters as positivism.

For although every kind of materialist reduction is absurd and inept, it does not follow that dualism is the right alternative. In fact, dualism strengthens the materialist by freely granting him a base of operations, by admitting that certain things are matter (*i. e.,* the universe) and others, spirit (*i. e.,* man's knowledge embodied in literature). And since embodiment implies matter, the "scientist" whom Mr. Tate fears and fulminates against, will endlessly resurrect himself from his own ashes and recapture the right of interpreting spirit from beneath.

Mr. Tate, I feel, would not commit this error if instead of taking pragmatism in its vulgar sense, he rightly understood the pragmatic analysis of experience and its role in the rehabilitation of spirit, art, and religion. Far from being a kind of positivism or materialism, pragmatism was historically the first revolt against nineteenth-century materialism. Knowing this, Mr. Tate would have been spared the mistaken "illustration" of pragmatism which he gives on page 196, and he would have recognized an excellent pragmatist in himself when he says: "Although a theory may not be 'true' it may make certain insights available for a while." And again, "Poets are practical men; they are interested in results." Were he to view art as a form of experience which cannot be exhausted by successive analyses, but about which a good many kinds of analysis can give "insight for a while," who knows but that Mr. Tate might not emerge as a pluralist and not a dualist, a disciple of Berkeley and William James, and not of T. E. Hulme?

Dualism, moreover, seems to have a narrowing effect on the critical sympathies. With its precise moral and religious dichotomies, it shackles the critic by suggesting at every turn a choice of either-or; a standard, not of fitness, but of correctness; a finality that kills. Mr. Tate, for example, speaks of literature as the *complete* knowledge of man's experience. How can it be complete unless the other arts are arbitrarily excluded from the category of knowledge? He repudiates the possibility of a full logical analysis of any poem and ridicules the academic assumption that a poem is "about" something — something that can be said in prose. Yet he destroys some of Hardy and a good pair of quatrains from Shelley in the name of logic, at the same time as he is forced to use "about" in quotation marks while discussing his own "Ode to the Confederate Dead." Mr. Tate is of course right, but he wants to be absolutely right.



—From the painting by Marcella Comès
Allen Tate

Finally, the critical tone of these valuable pages is lacking in generosity. Granted that a critic must be a sceptic, he must not be a misanthrope. If indignant, he must be savage in his indignation, not superior. Yet though Mr. Tate hints at a number of real admirations, he more often chills us with tight-lipped understatements. He picks up an offending quotation with rubber gloves and a pair of tongs, denying all solidarity with his opponents. It is not surprising that he also denies solidarity with our middle-class civilization, imagining an aristocracy respectful of art in the past, and even preferring "frank barbarism" — also imaginary—wherever he thinks he has found it in the present.

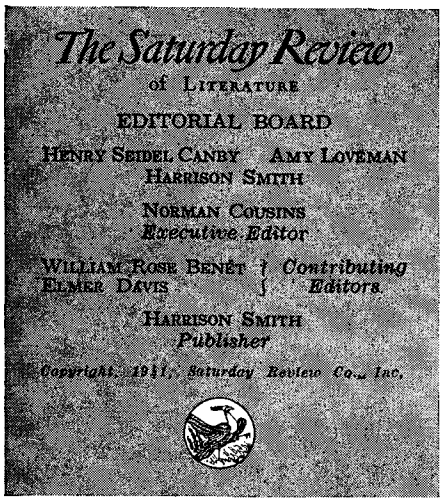
Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

Listed below are ten additional famous questions from famous poems. (Others appeared in the issue of March 1, 1941.) Again, you don't have to answer the questions; merely name the poets. Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind?
2. And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
3. When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain?
4. So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
5. By the long gray beard and glittering eye, now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
6. What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say, if we sight naught but seas at dawn?
7. Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
8. Are we not God's children both, thou, little sandpiper, and I?
9. A simple child, that lightly draws its breath, and feels its life in every limb, what should it know of death?
10. O father! I hear the church bells ring, O say, what may it be?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LOLA RIDGE:
1883-1941

AMERICAN poetry has had of late years among its major figures a number of greatly gifted women—the late Elinor Wylie, Amy Lowell, and Anna Hempstead Branch, the living Edna St. Vincent Millay, Léonie Adams, and others. Lola Ridge stood a little apart from the rest, with what it is not too much to characterize as her own genius. Though a rebel who was of the lineage of Spartacus, and who entitled one of her books "Red Flag," she chose no party but espoused the cause of the downtrodden everywhere in the world. Her struggle became an intensely spiritual one. Harassed by bodily infirmity, which she scorned to have mentioned because she despised the thought that it might win suffrages for her work on extraneous grounds (which, of course, was far from the case!) she came to live almost the life of a recluse, devoting herself with white passion to the search for the fiery core of life. She absorbed and pondered philosophies, and her interest in the vast and tragic upheaval of the times was prophetically intense. As the loud bandwagon parade of modern literature went down the street of the world, few were aware of a watcher whose eye's "extortion" (her own word for that of another) pierced to vital essentials. To other writers known to her, she was a constant and scrupulous aid. Many have testified to the valuable criticism she gladly gave them, without compromise but without affront.

Those of us who were privileged to know her, know that Lola Ridge was a great woman and a great person. That she was a truly great poet must, as she would be the first to say, rest with the verdict of the future; but it is certain that her poem "Firehead," concerning the Crucifixion, will stand as one of the most remarkable long poems written by man or woman in our time; and that many of her shorter poems will continue to burn on the pages of poetry collections for a long time to come. It is not strange that fire was her symbol, pure fire from the furnace of pain, and fire of supreme exaltation. Her way was the *Via Ignis,* from the time when she wrote

I would be a torch unto your hand,
A lamp upon your forehead, Labor. . . .

down to her great sonnet of April in this year—this being the first time she had ever used the word "beauty" in a poem, so much did she value the thing itself.

She was of the Celtic blood and was born with the caul, if not actually so, then in spirit. She spent her youth in the isles "down under" of which childhood she wrote so vividly in "Sun-Up." In Manhattan she first sang "The Ghetto" with its teeming misery yet extraordinarily sturdy life. For Labor she sounded the song of iron and the famous "Reveille." She hailed the Moscow bells of 1917 and wrote the remarkable sonnet "Electrocution" as though prophetic of her later stand in defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. Her intensity of vision burned away all slag from the molten metal of her art.

Her art deepened and greatened. Never did she lose contact with events or the world outside, but inevitably, as is true of all true artists, her vision turned inward. She became the new sibyl—not that she ever adopted that attitude. Attitudes were abhorrent to her. No one was more simple and direct; no one less the mere aesthete or the drawlingly superior intellectual. When her smile came, it was pure and kind. Her committed diligence to her chosen work was of such a nature as the loud and ranting betrayers of the multitude could never in an aeon understand.

Now the work is cut off, the last poem remains unfinished; but the noble message is no less delivered. Lola Ridge died on the nineteenth of May in her home in Brooklyn, valiant to the end. We who loved her and revered her work believe she was a great artist. We would say of her in her own words about another:

O lovely and elect; you were
Custodian of that which shall not pass
To ash with the white bone. Your being was
Austerely woven about the lone flame
Which knowing only but to be and burn—
Scorning all genial uses of the fire
That warms the common hearth and is made tame
For the chilly touch—yet leaps the higher
Over the singing ashes of its urn.

W. R. B.

Spring on Fifth Avenue, in the Year 1941

By Arthur Davison Ficke

LUMBERING busses looming like elephants
Round-backed, important, above the scurrying
Mob of the jungle-folk . . .

Pigeons darting their shimmering feathers
To close and settle for grains round the feet of
A policeman's horse . . .

Pretty young savages with bright legs
And fritterant head-dresses prancing along
The paths of the jungle . . .

Pot-like bellies on tottery shanks
Swinging through doorways fragrant with mist of
Fermented juices . . .

The throb of tomtoms far in the hills,
Sound of the Salvation Army, cajoling
Men toward God . . .

Flags, aflare, down all the Avenue,
Proclaiming recurrent the reddening season
Of an old earth . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Case of the I. Q.

SIR:—I have received a quibble from a reader which I quote below. I should be pleased to have you print it, along with my reply.

Dear Mr. Collins:

Just curious. In April 26th issue, Aladdin was included among galaxy of Chinese notables in literature. I have my doubts. Please clarify.

JAMES LEW.

Phoenix, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

In my edition of "The Arabian Nights" the beginning of "The Story of Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp" reads as follows:

"Once there lived a tailor, by name Mustapha, in one of the wealthy cities of China, who was so poor that he could hardly maintain himself and his family, which consisted only of a wife and son. His son, who was called Aladdin, was a good-for-nothing . . . "

There are also eight other references in the story to Aladdin's Chinese citizenship.

HOWARD COLLINS.

Monroe, Michigan.

SIR:—Mr. Franklin Young, who complains, not unjustifiably, of the difficulty of the Literary I. Q. in your issue of May 3, should be delighted to find a minor error in the quiz answers in that same issue.

Pago-Pago, with its missionary and its prostitute, is to be found either in "Rain" (the play), by John Colton, or in "Miss Sadie Thompson" (the original story), by Somerset Maugham. "'Rain' by Somerset Maugham," the answer given, is not up to Mr. Collins's high standards.

ANTHONY BOUCHER.

Los Angeles, California.

P. S. on the No-Pulitzer Prize

SIR:—I notice that many people are rather disturbed that Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" did not win the Pulitzer Prize for fiction.

Ernest Hemingway is a great, perhaps greater, writer without the Pulitzer Prize. He did not attain his present eminence by seeking prizes, but by stubbornly maintaining an individual view of his world which committees seeking to pin medals of respectability tend to threaten.

JAMES S. SWEET.

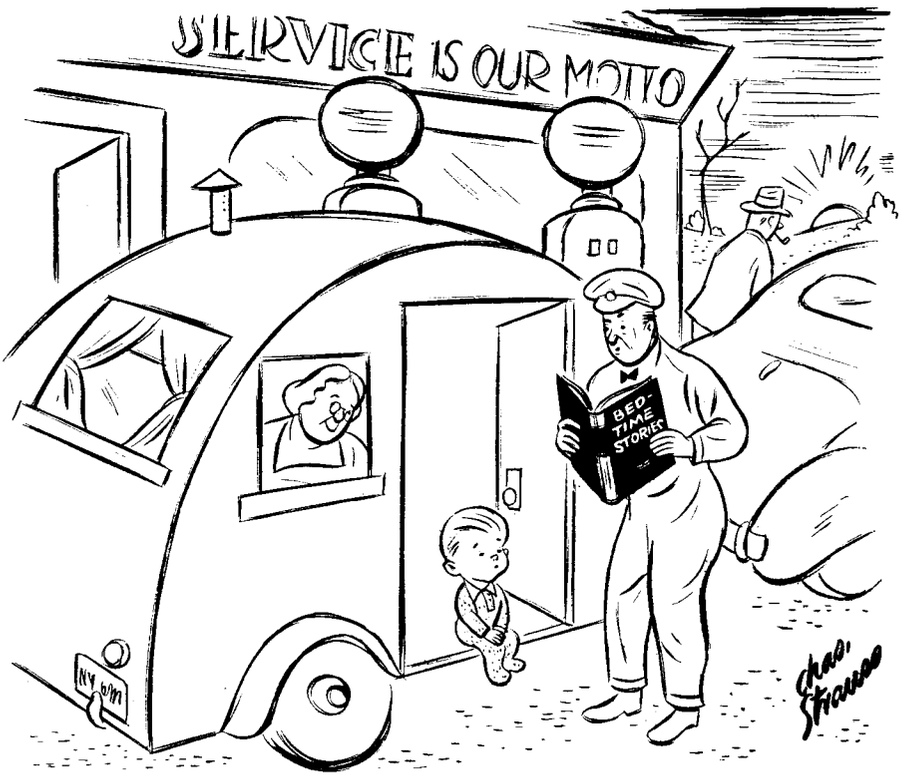
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Who Thought of It First?

SIR:—In his review of James Burnham's "The Managerial Revolution" [*SRL*, May 3] Mr. Peter Drucker remarks that the author was "not the first writer to draw attention" to the developments and trends with which his book is dealing. The readers of *The Saturday Review* may perhaps be interested to know that the "first writer" who in the United States brought to public attention the idea of the Rulers of Tomorrow (the title of Mr. Drucker's review) was Max Nomad, author of "Rebels & Renegades" (1932) and "Apostles of Revolution" (1939), who ever since 1932 has been writing chiefly on that subject. Curiously enough, one of the essays in which these ideas were presented by him was entitled "The Masters of Tomorrow," published in the International Council Correspondence, Chicago, September, 1936.

ADOLF OSTERMANN.

New York City



"And then the pterodactyl punctures his fibrovascular bundles."

Letter from Algernon Blackwood

[*Editor's Note: The following letter was received by one of our readers, Winthrop Steele, from Algernon Blackwood in London. Mr. Blackwood, who has spent much of his life in Canada, and who was at one time on the staff of two New York papers, is the author of "The Centaurs," "The Bright Messenger," "Episodes Before Thirty," and many other books.*]

DEAR MR. STEELE:—Please forgive me for the long delay in answering. I am so busy with war work that I have little time, I'm afraid, for personal correspondence, and you must take the will for the deed. In addition to this, my London flat received a direct hit from a high explosive and resulted in the complete loss of my personal effects, etc. My life was saved by my being in what we call an Anderson Shelter in the small back garden—with no worse result than a slight shock, for at 72 my nervous apparatus is presumably less sound than in my younger days. Though at the moment we are in a darker spot, the victorious end of the war is as certain as sunrise and the help your country gives us is a practical encouragement beyond words.

(Signed) ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

Savile Club
69 Brook St., London, W. 1.

Canada Wants the Telephone

SIR:—In your review of Dilts's "The Telephone in a Changing World" [*SRL*, April 26], you say "Wholly American in invention, there are more telephones in this country than in all the rest of the world." The telephone was born at Brantford, Ontario, Canada, in 1876. The first speech electrically transmitted by Bell had a short journey from one room to another in the same house. The second stunt was from house to house (three—count 'em). That was in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. You have the airplane, the torpedo, the fountain pen, and the can-opener. I do not ask much of you but please leave us the telephone.

LOUIS BLAKE DUFF.

Welland, Canada

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lectures, Cycles, and Poets

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MY wife (who used to be a lawyer) and I (who used to be a poet) live on a farm. Since the farm is in the upper Adirondack Mountains, it has the advantage of magnificent scenery and the handicap of a lamentably short growing period. It has become proverbial that we have only two seasons: winter and August. Therefore, in spite of our affection for the soil, the diligence of our hired man, and the coöperation of the local Farm Bureau, our acres are not (not *yet,* we say hopefully) self-sustaining. A few years ago it looked as if we would have to abandon our five-year agrarian program.

Then, in the sixth year of some frenzied wrestling with ledgers that were going quietly but radically red, my wife solved the problem. She discovered that the farm could easily support itself if I would only lecture over the rest of the country. Three months of lecturing a year, she figured, was all that was necessary to keep the farm going in the way it should go.

It proved to be a perfect formula and is still in operation. Nine months in each year my hired man works for me; three months in each year I work for him. It is a pleasant, even profitable, vicious circle. In this way the acres yield their full green and gold quota; the Jersey cows roll in their own butter-fat; the Chester White piglings cavort on their juicy trotters; the tax-collector collects the taxes; the hired man hires another man. And thus, with the aid of a good platform manner and a fair speaking voice, the farm problem is solved. Culture has come to the aid of agriculture, and all's right with our world two miles off Route 9.

Two years ago my wife grew still more ambitious. She wanted to have her bacon and eat it. To put it more exactly, she wanted to see (and hear) how industriously I was working for the farm during my absences from it. More particularly she wanted to see the South. This was not too difficult, for there are in the Adirondacks eight weeks between the first of March and the last of April when winter is not quite over and spring has not quite begun, seven weeks too cold to plant, too muddy to plow—the very seven weeks which are the loveliest in Georgia and the Carolinas. At the moment, I was free of lecture bureaus or any other restrictive agent, so I resolved that my wife should see the country south of us—at the country's expense. I determined that my lectures should enrich not only my farm but this particular farmer's wife.

The first step in the enterprise was to secure a list of colleges and universities south of Pennsylvania and east of Texas. As a second step I borrowed an automobile Map of the United States: Eastern Half. The third step was a circular letter. It was addressed to the chairman of the Committee on Lectures, or (if there were no such committee) to the Department of English which might be using one of my textbooks. The letter ran approximately as follows:

> Gentlemen: As my last free act before joining the Blank Lecture Bureau, I am about to undertake a somewhat lengthy motor trip down Route 1 and back on Route 11. I will be accompanied by my wife, and on the — day of March (or April) we will be within a few miles of your campus. No excessive amount of coaxing will be necessary to urge me to stop. . . .
>
> Since no agent will have to be placated, I will be glad to speak for whatever your budget can afford. I am even willing to attend a reception after the lecture—on one condition: no cucumber sandwiches.

Never have I had such a response; my correspondence was as varied as it was voluminous. I had hoped to interrupt the trip with one or two lectures a week to break the possible monotony and the indubitable expense. Instead I spoke every day, sometimes twice a day; at morning assemblies, sometimes at noon, and always in the evening. More often than not, I found myself on platforms which had never been profaned by a lecturer from north of what O. Henry called the Mason and Hamlin line.

There was the girl's college in Georgia, an ante-bellum institution set down between postcard peach orchards flanked by roads of running red clay and constructed (seemingly) of fossilized crinoline. My talk was the excuse for the sororities to appear in their most distracting bibs and tuckers. Unfortunately, the lecture happened to be one of my few technical discussions, and I worried myself (and probably my audience) through the intricacies of "The Place of Ambiguity in Modern Poetry." It was something of a surprise when the President of the Senior Class, the prettiest girl in the front row, came to the platform at the close of the hour. "Doctah Unt'miah," she said dulcetly but with conviction, "you sho' lecture cute."

As Caricaturist Birnbaum sees Mr. Untermeyer.

There was the less flattering occurrence which my wife has told with obvious relish and with such apparent success that it has been widely reported. It took place at a reception of the gayer sort, in one of the more cosmopolitan centers. The hour was late; the company was festive. It seems I had a paper cap upon my head, a decoration which is not calculated to improve my particular facial façade. One of the late-comers, a youngish teacher who had maintained her solemnity all through the proceedings, came up and eyed me from the peak of my cap to the tips of my toes which, under the stern appraisal, were beginning to curl. "And to think" she announced, *"he* was Required Reading!"

A tribute of another kind came from a small coeducational college in Alabama. "Our boys and girls," wrote the head of the English Department, "are interested in the creative arts, but they have never seen a poet. Would you let them see that a poet is not necessarily a comic strip character, a creature long of hair and short of cash, a ghost (and probably an immoral ghost) from some incredible past. We have never had an outside lecturer, much less a poet, and there are no available funds for such a purpose. But if you will talk to our students, we members of the English Department will be glad to dig down into our pockets for your expenses." Of course I refused—that is I refused to take advantage of the English Department's recklessness. And I did, for once in my life, talk for the gate receipts (General Admission 25 cents), and the audience was evidently persuaded that a poet was not a queer fellow with a falsetto voice and a false set of values; for I went on my way richer by a country ham, a hand-loomed rug, a candlewick bedspread, and four yards of homespun for my wife.

No lecture trip has ever been so ran-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dom and so rewarding. In North Carolina all the pupils at Winston-Salem College—pupils who soon were to be teachers of their race—sang "Listen to de Lambs," "My Way's Cloudy," "I'm Troubled in My Mind," and other less familiar Negro Spirituals for us. (The effect was all the more moving since this was not a concert given by trained professionals, but an impromptu "thanks" given by hundreds of young voices, the spontaneous expression of a great democratic art, an art of the people rendered by the people.) There was Emory University, in Atlanta, where we said good-bye to the members of a formal fraternity dinner only to find them all a few hours later at a rowdy fried fish shop. There was the Teachers College in Florence, Alabama, where, as a gesture of hospitality and a bow to the new social order, we were taken on a two-day inspection of the TVA, that astounding project of regional reclamation. There was Mobile, that extraordinary bay-city drowsing beneath its weight of Spanish moss, cherishing its legendary past but not oblivious of its commercial present, exhaling an aroma of crabmeat and magnolias, populated by grand seigneurs and the most bloodthirsty mosquitoes south of New Jersey. There was the week of seminars at the University of Florida when our indulgent hosts assured us that fishing, including the equipment, was part of the curriculum.

A self-respecting lecture bureau or the typical rapacious agent would have sneered at the fees collected. The highest fee on the entire trip was $150, which is about half the amount ordinarily obtained. But the average was much less than that. Usually the honorarium (a very large word for a very small check) was under a hundred dollars; often it took the form of a dinner, or a night's lodging and a promise to buy one of my books—if and when the Education Board increased the budget.

But we did not complain. On the contrary, we congratulated ourselves. We had enjoyed a beautiful vacation in the sun. We had traveled 3,500 stimulating miles, learning to know the country with leisure and something like luxury. We had made new friends; we had come to understand other ways of life, other ways of literature. And, after all expenses had been paid, we drove back to our Adirondack farm with a net profit of $209.55. Reckoned in terms of a metropolitan tour this is trivial; but on our Adirondack acres it is no inconsiderable sum. $209.55 pays for a lot of lime and superphosphate.

Next year my wife and I are thinking of heading due West. And once there, what is to stop us from further peregrination? An ocean? But why should we be daunted by the Pacific? Isn't there a university at Honolulu?

Anecdote and Reminiscence

THE FUN I'VE HAD. By Bayard Veiller. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 373 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

BAYARD VEILLER is in direct line of succession from Bulwer-Lytton, Tom Taylor, and Dion Boucicault; he is the principal melodramatist of this time and he is a credit to that ancient and honorable occupation. If Bayard had written Shakespeare the direction "Enter Three Murderers" would have been changed to "Enter Seven Murderers" and very probably the change would have improved the play. There is one slight omission in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"; when the wax corpse is wheeled in it should be made to sneeze in order to get any tough sisters in the audience who may have remained conscious after the unveiling.

But this play, with "The Thirteenth Chair" and "Within the Law," are unquestionable evidence of the skill of a man who knows the right answers in his metier. Melodrama is anything but contemptible as a literary vehicle; it follows a narrow and difficult track between bathos and machinery; it may become a farce or it may become a tiresome jigsaw if the elements are not precisely mingled. "Bydy" Veiller has done the trick on three notable occasions, and there is no playwright alive who can touch that record, in the field. Everyone knows and no one remembers Eugene O'Neill's two or three attempts at high romance in Bayard's field.

This book is about all of the people a great melodramatist would meet in the pursuit of his profession. There are lots of actors and actresses, naturally, Erlangers, Ziegfelds, Carrolls, and innumerable movie pontiffs, a king or queen now and then, Sinclair Lewis, and the reticent Dorothy Thompson; also Corbett, Dempsey, the old gang of evanescent lords who reported for *The World* and *The Journal,* and Will Rogers and Teddy Roosevelt.

There is no thesis in the book; it is anecdote and reminiscence. There is a statement at the end that if Americans could manage some scheme to write and produce good plays merely as an artistic diversion we might have a period that would challenge the Elizabethans. There is very little doubt about that. The creative ingenuity of the Americans is far beyond any precedent at this time. Unfortunately, we thought of block-billings and ticket-scalpers at about the same time that "Hazel Kirke," with the new electrical illumination of Tom Edison, was playing three New York theatres to capacity at once.

I think Bayard Veiller has an idea, but I don't know that we will live to see it work out. But we have lived to see a book as sound as its author.

"Screwball's Boswell"

LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE. By H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1941. 300 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER HARRISON

INTERVIEWING visiting firemen of both sexes and local celebrities takes the stuffing out of most reporters. You have to be tough, razor sharp, and as cynical as Lucifer to survive and yet keep out of the booby-hatch. Besides these qualities, H. Allen Smith, a newspaper man, has nerves of steel and the ingenuity and ribald sense of humor of the smaller apes. He is one of the best re-write men in the country. If he comes to interview you, it would be wise to take to the hills or hide under the bed. Fred Allen, in his introduction, calls him "the screwball's Boswell."

And there are plenty of them in Mr. Smith's hilarious book. Jim Moran, went to Alaska to sell an ice-box to an Eskimo; tanned his right half in Florida; flew to California and tanned the rest of himself there. Later he confronted Gellett Burgess with a purple-dyed cow in the lobby of his hotel.

Mr. Smith has interviewed them all, from Einstein and De Valera to Schnozzle Durante, (attired in a shirt and no pants) and a burlesque queen (dressed for work). His method is original and simple: he writes about what happened during his interview and quotes what his victims actually said, not what his paper might want them to say. Miss Bacon, a fan dancer, once delivered herself of this remarkable thought: "They have beautiful paintings of nude women, don't they? They also have porniography (pronounced with an i). So we should be able to put on a dance that is art just as nude as we want to and keep it from being porniography."

In addition to his interviews, most of them reprinted from the New York *World-Telegram,* Mr. Smith writes about himself. You'll like him and his book.

Oliver Harrison, M. A., is the author of an unpublished first draft of a doctoral thesis on the lower mammals.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The U. S. in the Pacific

THE FIGHT FOR THE PACIFIC. By Mark J. Gayn. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1941. 370 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT AURA SMITH

MARK GAYN'S book, "The Fight for the Pacific," is good reading. The scope is ambitious, but it is written with gusto, moves rapidly, and has a sound structural unity and an orderly progression of ideas.

The pattern of the book is partly historical and traces the fight for Eastern Asia through the last ten years. It is also partly analytical and moves from one sphere of action to another, showing in each case the bearing that the localized operation has on the struggle for Eastern Asia as a whole.

In spite of this analytical method, the book cannot really be called objective. Mr. Gayn has lived in the Asiatic countries and his writing reflects his own personal judgments and his own personal reaction to the problems as he has seen them. Mr. Gayn does not pull his punches and he has a good idea throughout where they are going to land.

It would be going much too far to assert that Mr. Gayn distorts his facts to prove a point, but there can be no gainsaying that he arranges them. Yet he undoubtedly believes, as do many other persons, that the time for cold-blooded objective analysis of the whole Pacific position has long since passed. Much of the impact of the book is leveled against policies of weakness and indecision. The net effect is a challenge to the United States and Britain to take a far bolder course of action than that which has been taken. This is indicated, for example, by Mr. Gayn's dramatic characterization of the British retirement to positions from which any further retirement is impossible as a "retreat to glory."

As a basis for vigorous action from now on, Mr. Gayn urges the recognition of the reality that a genuine fight is already in progress for the control of all of Eastern and Southeastern Asia. He points out the gravity of this contest to the United States and the effect that its outcome will have upon us.

Undoubtedly this is the job that Mr. Gayn set himself to do in writing this book and he has done it admirably.

To my mind, the best single contribution of his volume to the growing shelf on the Far East is its analysis of military control in Japan. Mr. Gayn has given a singularly lucid and convincing exposition of how a military clique establishes itself. In so doing he has either unconsciously or, more probably, deliberately answered some of the more important questions that Americans have raised concerning the present Japanese Government and our relation to it. Mr. Gayn has also done a service to the public in his discussion of Northwestern China and Outer Mongolia. There has been much speculation on these developments, but very little authoritative writing.

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC. By W. D. Puleston. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 273 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

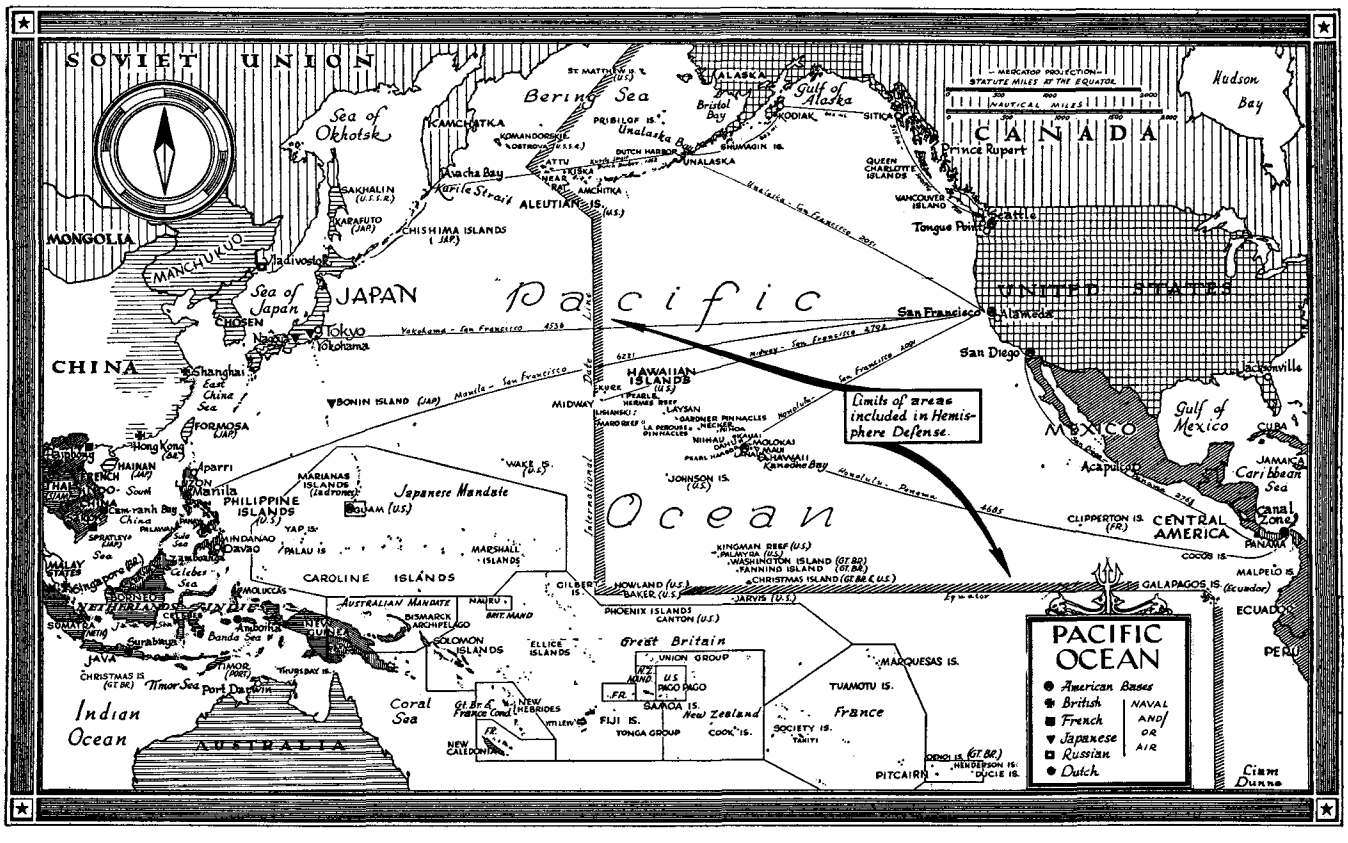
Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

CAPTAIN PULESTON can claim to be the leading living disciple of the great Mahan, as well as his official biographer. But the relationship is somewhat that of Calvin to Luther; he is a good deal more forthright, preaches a stronger and headier doctrine, than his exemplar. This is his survey of the possibilities of American-Japanese conflict in the Pacific.

He writes it, he says, as "one who does not believe an American-Japanese war either unthinkable or unavoidable." It can be avoided "if the Japanese leaders pause to consider their situation," to "realize that it would be easier for them to meet British and American (economic) competition than German; it would be simpler to adjust their economic system with that of Great Britain and the United States than it would be to compete with the compulsions of the German barter arrangements . . . If Japanese leaders reject overtures it will indicate that under the guise of securing raw materials they have determined to establish a Japanese Empire limited only by their armed strength."

But "Americans fancy that a few hotheaded (Japanese) army and navy officers are able to force a reluctant nation to fight aggressive wars for their personal glory. Actually these

—*From "America and Total War," by Fletcher Pratt.*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officers are influential because they represent the desires of their people to expand. The basic cause of Japan's desire to obtain more territory is innate." Well, there you are: if the leaders will take thought there will be no war, but if they do that the profound will of the Japanese people will eject them and, inferentially, substitute leaders who will make a war.

The main question, then, is how to carry on that war. Captain Puleston is deeply concerned with such matters as the governmental setups of the high contending parties when organized for war, the chain of command, and the overall strategy of the Pacific, little interested in the questions of morale and training among the sailors, special aptitudes and relative ability at gunnery or flying. To this extent his book is a popularization. But midway through this popularization he abandons the judicial robe of Mahan for the pugnacious blue of Jackie Fisher and speaks as a member of the "sock 'em in the eye" school of strategy. He believes that Guam and Manila should be fortified to the teeth instanter, in which most naval men would agree with him; but he also believes our navy should sail for Singapore at the first sign of hostilities, in which very few would agree; and that, from Singapore it could cripple Japan in a very short time. If the American people get to reading this and expect the coming Japanese war to be decided by any such easy and obvious stroke, they may be in for the same awakening that came to England when Hitler "missed the bus" in Norway.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of the recently published "America and Total War."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Robert Burns: "Auld Lang Syne."
2. Lewis Carroll: "Through the Looking Glass."
3. William Shakespeare: "Macbeth."
4. Sir Walter Scott: "Lochinvar."
5. Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner."
6. Joaquin Miller: "Columbus."
7. Edward Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
8. Celia Thaxter: "The Sandpiper."
9. William Wordsworth: "We Are Seven."
10. Henry W. Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

NOTE:—The portrait of Louis Fischer on the cover of the May 10 issue of the *SRL* was taken from a painting by Gertrude Samuel. We regret that a credit line was omitted.

Courtesy

We want your telephone service to be good and quick and cheap. But there's more to it than that. We want it to be courteous too.

No matter what the occasion, there's always time for a cheery "please" and a pleasant word of thanks. That is the Bell System way. It is one of the fine traditions of the telephone business.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PREPAREDNESS — THE BELL SYSTEM IS PREPARED TO DO ITS PART IN THE NATION'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eisenberg...

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY. By Frances Eisenberg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1941. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY BENÉT

THIS is an extremely funny book. It is about a family in a town in Tennessee, but there is nothing particularly regional about it. It might be anywhere—the locale doesn't matter. It is the family that counts. There is Mr. Marsden, the father, who is given to a new enthusiasm each season, Mrs. Marsden, the mother, practical and long-suffering who rather enjoys being long-suffering, Helen the nine-year old daughter, the most normal of the lot, and last but far from least, Joey, six, a fine specimen of the problem child. The stories are told in the first person by Helen, and this turns out not to be the tedious device it usually is. Unlike most books supposedly told by children, this one is credible, easy to read, and not too artificially childlike. The Marsden relatives make a saga in themselves. When they are not downright eccentric they are extraordinary. They are not unlike James Thurber's kith and kin.

In spite of their peculiarities, there is something universal about the Marsdens. As in "Life with Father," there is something of every family here. Who, after all, does not have an eccentric relative or two? Mrs. Marsden objects to being dosed with Indian Root Extract. Mr. Marsden is a fervent bird lover until his feathered friends become annoying and then he chases them away. Like Vinnie and Father, they become a symbol of all parents.

The funniest incidents in the book center about brother Joey and his anti-social behavior. Joe entirely lacked what Modern Schools refer to as Group Consciousness. In the new pseudo-psychiatric patter, Joey was diagnosed as "a very introverted type" and "an ingrown personality." Helen hit the nail on the head with her first explanation of her brother's nature. "From the very beginning there were two things wrong with my brother Joe. He was shy, then he got stubborn. This is the way he did. If somebody tried to make him not shy, then he got stubborn." Taken from that point, Joey's behavior is entirely logical. He just wanted people to leave him alone, but they kept on trying to change him. They insisted on making him part of the group and he hated groups. The best piece in the book is the last—Joey's encounter with the new psychological approach at a modern Experimental School. "Joey Blows the Trumpet" should be required reading for all earnest students of child behavior and every devotee of the Progressive Method. It is a gem.

"There's One in Every Family" has a youthful freshness about it, a true light-hearted quality. It is fine, in this sad period, to find a book that makes one laugh out loud.

ALFRED A. KNOPF

OFFERS

THREE FELLOWSHIPS

for 1942

in

FICTION

BIOGRAPHY

HISTORY

OF $1200 EACH

Prospectus free upon request to

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·501 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Wolff...

WHISTLE STOP. By Maritta M. Wolff. New York: Random House. 1941. 449 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

TO compare this first novel to "February Hill" is, I suppose, inevitable. For that matter, it might well be compared to "Tobacco Road," for it presents a slothful family who, to say the least, are in the main unmoral. Critics of the old school would say that the characters of Miss Wolff's story lack moral fibre; be that as it may, she has depicted a set of very human, if unenviable, personalities.

In the academic sense, "Whistle Stop" is not a novel; it has no beginning, no end, no formalized plot. What the author has done is to cross-section a period out of the indolent life of the Veech family—an "over-the-tracks" brood in a small town. There is Kenny, discontented and strangely maladjusted, on terms of real comradeship only with his sister Mary, who in turn is mistress of the village tavern owner and racket boss; Ernie, the hard-boiled, aggressive older brother, making his way in a hard-boiled, aggressive manner; the just-out-of-adolescence twins, Jen and Josette, patly unalike in their approach to life. Then there is Mary's illegitimate daughter, as unpleasant a little brat as has popped up in fiction pages in many a reader's blue moon.

As a first novel the book is remarkable. The publishers state that the original manuscript was double the length of the present book. The cutting may explain certain blind spots that confused this reader. The almost incestuous attachment between Kenny and Mary, for example, was never clearly explained. There are other loose ends, but they in no way impair the general excellence of the book. Miss Wolff handles dialogue with a true and sensitive ear—it is quibbling to complain about the lack of a forceful, dynamic plot.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 374)

RALPH W. EMERSON:

*WORKS AND DAYS**

We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments, that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. . . . Moments of insight, of fine personal relation, a smile, a glance,—what ample borrowers of eternity they are!

*(From "Society and Solitude")

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flight to America

WE ESCAPED. Twelve Personal Narratives of the Flight to America. Edited with an introduction by William Allan Neilson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 258 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ERICH KAHLER

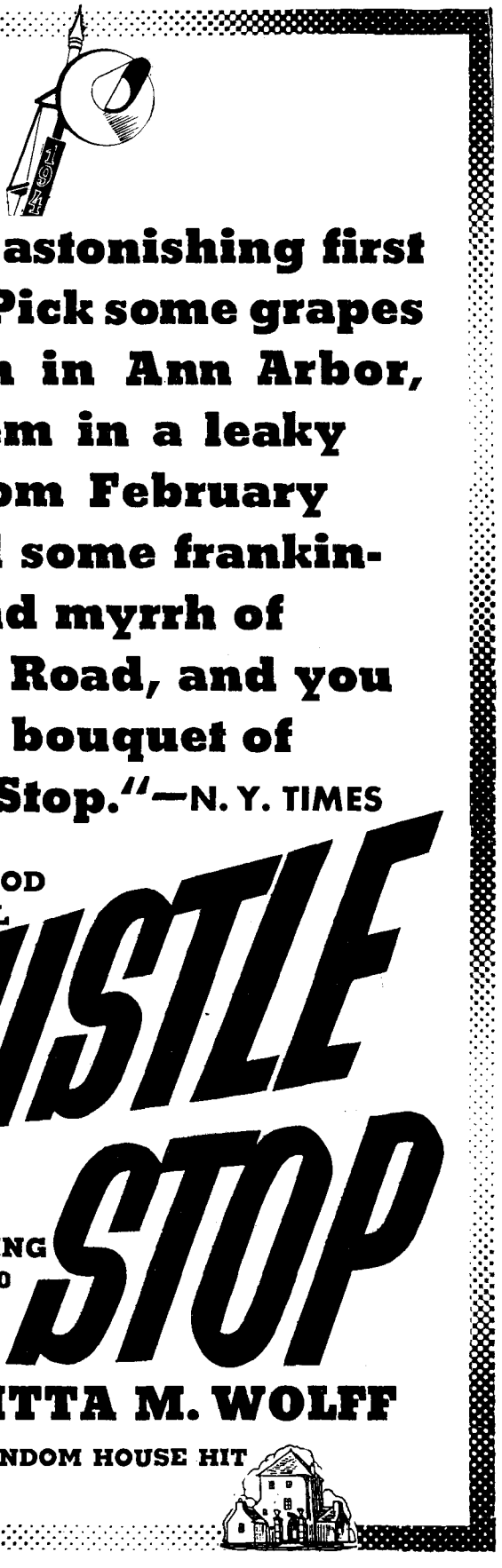
THE editorial idea and the principle of selection behind this collection of personal accounts are both excellent. The result is a true picture of the passion of Europe, a simple, unpretentious, factual picture, avoiding all dramatization or sentimentalization and refraining from all comments which could only diminish the impact of the facts. The book tells not only the story of these plain private people who succeeded in escaping this sophisticated hell which is the Europe of our days; it tells through the personal experiences of these casually picked individuals the story of their respective countries, the fate of Spain, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, France, and, last but not least, Germany itself.

The most moving impression one gets from these narratives is their simplicity, their directness, their lack of sensationalism. There is no special emphasis on atrocities, though in fact terrible things are related. To be sure, we learn some new details of the stratagems, fifth column practices, and techniques of destruction of the Nazis. We may complete our knowledge of the chaos, the confusion, the inconceivable failures of the invaded countries, the horrid deeds of a ghostly bureaucracy amidst this chaos.

We learn that higher education has been abolished and "all secondary text books have been destroyed all over the country, so that the children may surely have no chance to learn." We learn, too, that "young girls who are supposed to be shipped to Germany to work in the fields or factories, are instead brought to soldiers' camps.

The book is full of such incidents, but they do not stand out, there is no particular stress laid upon them, they do not strike you as something extraordinary within the picture of this whole world in which they occurred. It is the whole, the hellish normality of such happenings that strikes you most, the utter depravity of a state of things in which such happenings are not even conspicuous.

Books like this are the true documents of our time and will outlive the synthetic thrillers. In fact, one can hardly imagine a more appalling exposure of an epoch. The book should be read by many people; it should be read especially by those riding the "wave of the future," because it sets before them, as far as they are sincere and sensible, a crucial decision. It is easy to ride this wave theoretically, with an olympic outlook on historical eras. But here you have to face the facts. And you are compelled to ask yourself a fundamental question: Is this to be the future anyway and everywhere, the inescapable future? Any human being worthy of the name, would rather die for the past and with the past than live in such a future.


1984
➔ "An astonishing first novel...Pick some grapes of wrath in Ann Arbor, stow them in a leaky crock from February Hill, add some frankincense and myrrh of Tobacco Road, and you have the bouquet of Whistle Stop."—N. Y. TIMES
The new AVERY HOPWOOD PRIZE NOVEL
WHISTLE STOP
FOURTH PRINTING
449 PAGES, $2.50
BY MARITTA M. WOLFF
A RANDOM HOUSE HIT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Germany Read

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE. By General Charles de Gaulle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1941. 179 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

ONE day, far back in 1934, a young French officer, Captain Charles de Gaulle, teacher at the military college of St. Cyr, a man of historical insight, of military spirit, and of brilliant literary talents, sat down and wrote a book. He called it "Toward the Career Army." I have no knowledge how widely read his little book was among the officers of the French General Staff. But undoubtedly the daring ideas of this young and obscure officer found little echo in France. Today, watching the terrific onrush of the mechanized German forces in all corners of Europe, it seems as though the Reichswehr, using the ideas of de Gaulle, had beaten the blindfolded French military leaders with weapons handed them over by one of France's own sons. What tragic irony of history!

"The Army of the Future" was, however, not written with the sole purpose of outlining the methods and tactics of future wars. De Gaulle's intention was to plead for a new military policy. He warned the French nation: We need a career army of volunteers. Only such an army can form the basic element in national defense. The professionals, in their ships, their aircraft and their tanks, reinforced by such power of fire—are certain to prevail. De Gaulle was convinced that "Tomorrow the professional army will move entirely on caterpillar wheels. This speed would be of little value if it could not be assured that the rhythm of battle synchronized with that of movement."

From here the French officer starts to outline the composition, the employment and the training of his career army of the future. Not one military unit, not a single aspect of mechanized warfare is neglected in de Gaulle's amazingly prophetic book.

Pondering over this book seven years after it was written, one is rather sadly impressed, realizing how differently perhaps the world would look today if the ideas of de Gaulle would have been taken seriously in his own country and not only by Germany.

The young officer of 1934 has become the leader of the Free French, allies of Great Britain in the war against Nazi Germany. While General Gamelin and all the other French brasshats who believed in a defensive warfare, in Maginot Lines, in forts and barbed wire obstacles will soon, mercifully, be forgotten, General de Gaulle might well become the man who will lead the democratic world against the very same armies his imagination helped to create. "For Glory gives herself only to those who have always dreamed of her." His small book, now for the first time translated into English, reveals Charles de Gaulle not only as a writer of vigor, of brilliance, but also as one of the ablest military leaders now pitted against the "brain trust" of the German High Command.

Authentic Nautical Human Comedy!

GOLD RUSH BY SEA

FROM THE JOURNAL OF GARRETT W. LOW

Edited by Kenneth Haney

You'll be amazed at the modern flavor of this young American's wit and whimsicality. For it's not just another account of rounding the Horn to 'Frisco—but a brilliant farce as well, describing the day-by-day drama of personality and intrigue on board a clipper ship carrying gold seekers (male and female) to California in the '50's.

Illustrated, $2.00

At Your Bookstore or UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS: Phila.

Friend of the Great

JOHN STERLING. By Anne Kimball Tuell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 405 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

FOR those who enjoy the detail of life a hundred years ago in England, the profound and serious intellectual dismay, the honesty, the wit, the perplexity, the cleverness, the humbug, and the hope of it all, Miss Tuell's book is fascinating reading. She has been, perhaps, too tactful in not emphasizing the lesson we might learn; she does not show—as, for instance, would George Santayana,—how much of our present hideous horror is due to the innocence with which the liberal English esteemed everything from Germany, ignored everything from France. Sterling, whose life was written by Carlyle and by Julius Hare, his Vicar at Hurstmonceaux, was a minor writer of the period. Like so many of the great, Carlyle himself, for instance, a great part of his mind lingered in the eighteenth century; and as he was a moralist and a Protestant he could see little good in Voltaire, or Rousseau; and fell victim to that German cloudiness from which only Coleridge succeeded in producing light. Of course the pro-Germans always have Goethe to fall back on—the only German poet-artist who can even plausibly be given a world position; but it is as an artist Goethe survives, not as a philosopher. His Canova-like, or Thorwaldsen-like, paganism has no permanence in it.

John Sterling today has been forgotten, except as the friend of great men—Coleridge, Carlyle, Thackeray, Maurice: Miss Tuell paints his portrait in relation to his friends, and in that way produces a very pleasant sketch of an appealing, rather weak, enthusiastic, and lovable young man.

This monograph is a Wellesley College publication: and my first suggestion to the faculty of that admirable institution is that there should be a chair of spelling and proof-reading. The errors in this book are incredible. Hurstmonceaux, where Sterling held his only curacy, is regularly spelt Herstmonceux; West Looe is West Loos; on page 110 we have "self-approach" instead of "self-reproach," on 130 "qui" for "cui" and on 324 "cribbed in the margin" should be, presumably, "scribbled in the margin." Throughout the book the reader is liable to be startled by references to what Sterling did, thought, or said in 1936 or 1938—an unsuccessful method of investing an early Victorian with a cloak of modernity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Geographical Orphans

I GO BY SEA, I GO BY LAND. By P. L. Travers. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 233 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR

THIS lively account of first impressions of America from the point of view of two English children should be very popular. It has a number of sure-fire appeals and the author plays up every one. It is about English children who are sympathetic to us all at the moment. It is about children leaving their home and their parents which always tears at the heart-strings. It treats of a current problem, how refugees adapt to the United States. It gives a spirited but pleasant picture of our native land which builds up our national pride. Though it may have started as a juvenile, it may be read by both children and adults, which provides a wide public. The author may well have deliberately set out to make this appeal. If so, she succeeded. If the book is contrived, it is also successful in its aim.

"I Go By Sea, I Go By Land" is rather like a juvenile version of "The Provincial Lady in America," or a decorous English counterpart of the Abbé children's trip. Sabrina and James Lind live in a house called Thornfield in Sussex. Sabrina is eleven; it is she who is keeping a "Diary" of their trip. James is nearly nine, given to poetry and occasional deeds of violence. They are devoted to their parents and to Thornfield. When a minor air raid occurs nearby, their parents decide the children must be sent to America and safety. Both children and parents are grieved at the decision but behave with courage in the face of it. Then we get exact details about passports, red-tape, embarcation permits. This information is precise and interesting. They set off on a ship with a delightful lady writer named Pel and her even more engaging baby called Romulus. They have a lively shipboard experience ranging from sea-sickness to active mischief. To show that all class barriers are down, they actually make friends with a fellow passenger who drops her H's. They land in Canada and fly to New York. Then they go to "Aunt Harriet," their mother's old friend, and her husband "Uncle George." These latter prove to be kindly, prosperous foster parents, living a country-suburban life which sounds somehow Westchesterish. The life is different, but they adapt well, due to following their father's advice. He had recommended *Love and Courage* as watchwords. Their friend Pel also admonished "If America took them in and cherished them, they must take in America, too." They adjust to their new home and school, reporting all differences faithfully with a fresh eye. The ending is a sad-happy one and should not be told.

This is highly readable, light, yet semi-serious. The landing in Canada and the arrival in New York are well observed, well set down. One minor criticism has to do with the old difficulty of writing continuously from the point of view of an eleven-year-old child. Since this is an "I" book and a diary, it must also be in the words of an eleven-year-old child. Sabrina sometimes slips out of character, into adulthood. For instance, she describes her mother as having "a small deer's face and she looks shy and young and enquiring and as if she didn't want to be hurt." A child might be capable of the underlying emotion, but it would not be articulate in quite that way.

Where "My Sister and I" was tragic in its implication of the upheaval war makes in a child's life and mind, "I Go By Sea, I Go By Land" treats the same subject in a lighter vein. It is a good, fresh, amusing piece of reporting.

The Publishers take pleasure in announcing a new book by the author of
HOW DIPLOMATS MAKE WAR

"THE TRAGEDY OF EUROPE"

A DIARY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

by FRANCIS NEILSON

with an introduction by Robert Maynard Hutchins

SECOND EDITION

". . . a splendid book of contemporary history."
". . . the bravest book that has ever been written about war."
". . . beautifully written and completely fascinating."
". . . brimful of factual information and common sense so badly needed in the world today."

AN INVALUABLE REFERENCE WORK!

Timely! • Courageous! • Complete!

724 Pages—Index .....
Chronology .....
Bibliography .....

PRICE $5.00

Use Order Blank—Mail today to the
C. C. NELSON PUBLISHING CO.
APPLETON, WISCONSIN

C. C. NELSON PUBLISHING COMPANY
APPLETON, WISCONSIN

Gentlemen:

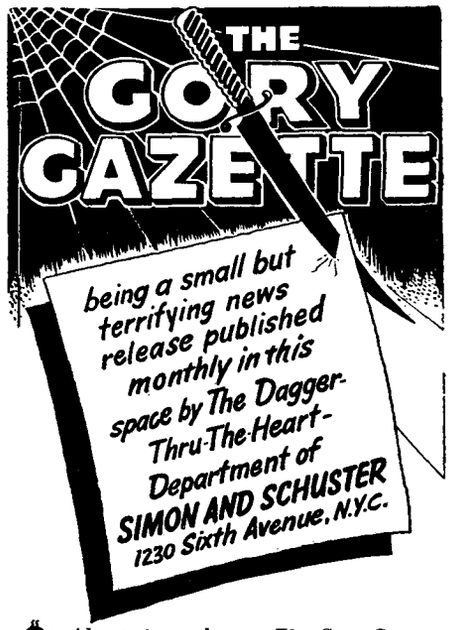
Please send me.....copies of "THE TRAGEDY OF EUROPE," by Francis Neilson, at $5.00 each. Enclosed find check.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of SIMON AND SCHUSTER 1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

About six weeks ago *The Gory Gazette* lightheartedly announced a contest to name the Inner Sanctum Mystery trademark: the little man holding a book. We hadn't hoped for the deluge of names that came in, and for the past six weeks we've been walking around in a daze nicely blended of pride and desperation. Finally the Contest Editor, a coarse-fibered fellow used to this kind of racket, pointed out that we couldn't give 215 first prizes, and we'd damn well better make up our minds.

We have. Ladies and Gentlemen, meet

McCURDLE

McCURDLE was submitted by STANLEY ANDERSON of Oelwein, Iowa. To MR. ANDERSON has gone our thanks plus—more important—the first prize of $25.

The ten runners-up, to each of whom goes a copy of the latest Inner Sanctum Mystery, *The Trial of Vincent Doon*, by WILL OURSLER, sent in the following names:

HARI-SKARI	by *N. W. Hopkins*
BUTCH	by *J. A. Haliburton*
SPOOKUS	by *John R. Evans*
SCAREHEAD	by *Marie L. Prevost and Dana Weger*
GORYGOYLE	by *Siegmund Betz and W. A. Thurow*
SNOOP	by *Ruth Present*
WUGLE	by *Maxinne Heffner*
HOMICIDE HARRY	by *Percy S. Johnson, Jr.*
BOOJUM	by *Luther H. Lyon*
PROBLEM CHILD	by *Helen D. Baird*

To all contestants, *The Gory Gazette*, The Dagger-thru-the-Heart Department, McCurdle himself, send most sincere thanks for their cooperation and help. Their answers to statistical questions gave us lots of information which we've graphed very professionally and which eventually we'll do something very shrewd with. Meantime it's swell to know that 80% enjoy *The Gory Gazette* while half a per cent **don**'t; that 60% read *The Gory Gazette* regularly; and that 75% are influenced to read Inner Sanctum Mysteries. To the other 25% we say: "You may not be watching McCurdle but McCurdle's watching you."

BRITAIN'S YESTERDAY

(*Continued from page* 5)

and indeed it is not altogether unfair to the authors to ask what Americans are likely to make of their book, what answer Americans are likely to find in it for the absorbing question as to England's chances of victory in this war. It must be admitted that Anglophobes will be able to quarry abundantly in its pages. Here is an England of balked individuals seeking petty advancement by the magic of Pelmanism, of thousands condemned to the dole and the Means test, of undernourished millions physically not up to par, especially as to their teeth, of strikes and lockouts, of political parties apparently based on class divisions, of falling birth-rate, of universal gambling on horse-racing, of hopeless addiction to leisure and comfort. Here is the England of Horatio Bottomley, D. H. Lawrence, Oswald Moseley, Noel Coward, and a lot of others who seem to lack most of what made England great. It would be no answer to these Anglophobes to point out that one of the most striking things to emerge from this book is the extent to which England has followed the American lead in these decades, so that from Ford V 8's and advertising techniques to musical comedies and breakfast foods, the "Americanization" of Britain appears in almost every chapter. They would probably answer that the English do badly what we do well, and that the mere fact they try to imitate us proves that they have lost creative energy, and are on the way out.

Yet lovers of England may well take hope from this book. For one thing, the England here described—of course, most incompletely—is not an obsessed nation. It is a nation where a team of strikers can play football with a team of policemen. It is a nation free from blood purges. It is a nation that can laugh at others as well as at itself. It is a nation singularly willing to borrow from others, a process which can, and sometimes does, involve learning from others. It is also a nation—though this fact is apparent only occasionally in "The Long Week End"—with a strong back-log of steady habits, loyalties, traditions, and prejudices of the kind Pareto lumps together under the name of "persistent aggregates."

Above all, perhaps, England, possesses a quality which, by a not unwarranted misuse of psychological terms, may be called a superiority complex. It must be especially saddening to Americans who dislike England to realize that some of the most unpleasant traits of Englishmen are probably the traits that will help most to insure their survival as a great people. Apparently the English have never felt the sense of national inferiority so common in Germany and Russia, not to mention other countries. Even in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, when England was fighting a France three times richer and more populous, ordinary Englishmen felt amused by and wisely superior to "frogs" like Racine and Louis XIV. It is probably quite true of nations as well as of individuals that a sense of superiority sometimes outlives the facts on which it is based. It is also true that the Greeks had a name for it, *hybris*, which usually ran before a fall. But Britain has not yet fallen, and until it does we may safely reckon that British snobbery (to give it a bad and somewhat inaccurate name) is at least as great an asset to their cause as British pluck.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SEE YOU AT THE MORGUE *Lawrence G. Blochman* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2)	Murders of Manhattan play-boy and weakling brother of phone-girl heroine present widely ramifying problem to Detective Kilkenny.	Sticks pretty closely to standard formulae, with stolen fur racket and some neat cryptography stepping it up satisfactorily.	Good enough
MURDER SET TO MUSIC *Harriette R. Campbell* (Harpers: $2)	Simon Brade, who hates the very word murder, solves two, one old, t'other new, in lonely house on stormy Scottish loch.	Murderer of hapless Graeco-Irish sisters revealed in super-dramatic finish after Chinese ivory cubes clarify strange problem for observant sleuth.	For deduction-lovers
THE BLACK NIGHT MURDERS *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2)	Thaumaturgy, illegitimacy, and two murders in Conn. town give Fleming Stone mental exercise.	Rambling, pleasant, and not too horrifying blend of crime and romance in typical Wellsian vein.	For Stone addicts

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW

(*Continued from page 4*)

green and fertile valley crossed by the silver thread of the Truckee stretches to the horizon mountains.

In closing, I feel the need of issuing a word of caution to the reader. I would not have him believe that I have called attention to these passages from the catalogues of our American educational institutions in a too great spirit of levity. Far from it. In fact, I should welcome more informality in college bulletins. "College catalogues are," as President Gage of Coe College recognizes in a statement in the Coe bulletin, "rather fearsome, uninteresting and hard to understand" and such passages as these which I have quoted are pleasantly simple. One understands immediately the purpose of the college in printing them. They would make an appeal to the student on other than academic values. Sometimes, perhaps, these items are even a bit pathetic in the story they suggest of unbalanced budgets and officers struggling to keep up an enrollment. But there is every reason why the location of our colleges should be attractive, and I frankly admit a pleasant sensation when I walk under campus elms and through academic arches.

PARAGRAPHS as these taken from the "literature" issued by our colleges express values too artificial to do the colleges credit. Real educational opportunities put before the students are, one must believe, more important than views, campus oaks, and sewerage systems. We might, however, take these paragraphs in our stride if other sections of the bulletins placed more emphasis than they do upon the distinguished men on the faculties, the fine collections of books in the libraries, or the scientific equipment available in the laboratories. These factors, not acres and fine prospects, make colleges and universities. The present tall-talk springs, I suspect, from two considerations; a tradition that college campuses *must* be beautiful and, to be brutal about it now that endowment returns are shrinking, a subconscious—perhaps unconscious—desire to make budgetary ends meet by attracting to Tweedledum College those students who might otherwise attend Tweedledee. But, in the final analysis, the great need of those who prepare college bulletins is a sense of humor.

Dean Hibbard is also Professor of English at Northwestern University.

Of Ali Pasha

THE LION OF YANINA. By Stoyan Christowe. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 424 *pp., with index.* $3.

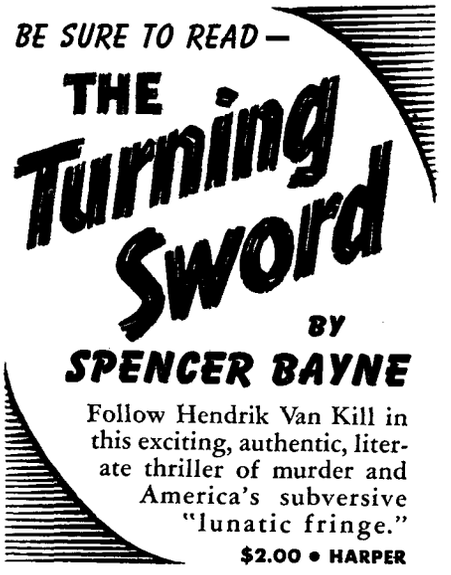
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

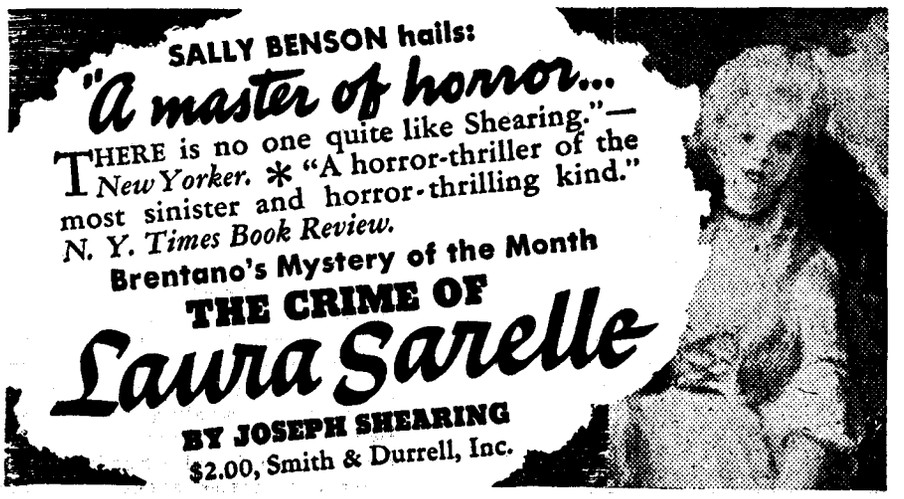
AMONG the petty tyrants whom the disintegration of Turkish authority raised, towards the end of the eighteenth century, to virtual independence, Ali Tepelini, Pasha of Yanina, became especially notorious, less because of his actual abilities or real power than because the strategic location of his domain, along the Ionian Sea and the Straits of Otranto, thrust him, since England was fighting to keep Napoleon out of the Eastern Mediterranean, upon the attention of the West. Byron celebrated him as "Albania's chief whose dread command is lawless law," other Western visitors described him with more specific detail, and his own poets hailed him in a thousand ballads as Arslan (the Lion) though a cool record of his exploits suggest rather a cross between a jackal and a hyena.

Possibly Ali Pasha was more sadistic, treacherous, and vicious than other local despots, but although he somehow captured the imagination of his time, there is little evidence that he was otherwise distinguished. Even his treasons, massacres, and debaucheries seem more the result of convention than of personal conviction, and his survival as actual ruler of much of Albania and northern Greece for more than thirty years is a proof rather of the weakness of slave empires in their decadence, than of his own military and diplomatic prowess. Without insisting on the point, Stoyan Christowe makes it clear. And by accepting Ali Pasha on these terms, and treating the blood-stained melodrama and oriental opera bouffe of the tyrant's criminal career with enough ironic detachment he has spun from it an Arabian Nights sort of history, entertaining and mildly instructive.

It would be more entertaining if a few, at least, of the characters were less fantastic, and more instructive if the author had condescended to give an occasional date and a bit more explanation of attending circumstances, but it will do as an example of the kind of Oriental thriller Byron relished, and it has enough action, blood, and harem scenes to satisfy the most voracious taste for that sort of thing. The quotation from "Childe Harold" facing the first page about "crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth" would make more sense if the last word were spelled with a small 'r'.

"Heroines of Modern Greece," by Lois A. C. Raphael is well-designed and has attractive line drawings by George Kanelous. It gives brief biographies of Greek women active in the wars of independence of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It sells for $1.


BE SURE TO READ—
THE
Turning Sword
BY
SPENCER BAYNE
Follow Hendrik Van Kill in this exciting, authentic, literate thriller of murder and America's subversive "lunatic fringe."
$2.00 • HARPER


SALLY BENSON hails:
"A master of horror..."
THERE is no one quite like Shearing."—New Yorker. * "A horror-thriller of the most sinister and horror-thrilling kind." N. Y. Times Book Review.
Brentano's Mystery of the Month
THE CRIME OF
Laura Sarelle
BY JOSEPH SHEARING
$2.00, Smith & Durrell, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What does an artist really mean?

THE Intent OF THE Artist

by Sherwood Anderson, Thornton Wilder, Roger Sessions, William Lescaze
EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
Augusto Centeno

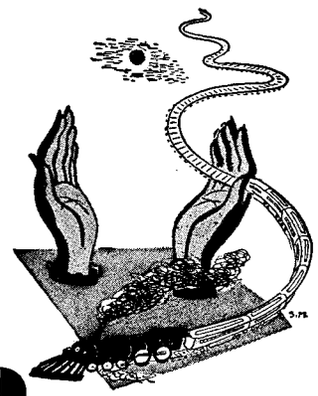
"Here is the direct testimony of the artists themselves as to their methods and purposes, and we get here also the evidence of a living tradition through which we continue the past in practice and not in talk."—ALLEN TATE

With 8 pages of collotype illustrations, $2.50
Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J.

WITH SWORD AND LANCET
The Life of General Hugh Mercer
By Joseph M. Waterman

A complete biography: His service under Bonnie Prince Charles Edward Stuart in Scotland; refugee; French and Indian fighter; frontier physician; Virginia gentleman; member of the inner council of pre-Revolutionary patriots, and general in the Continental Army. 6x9 inches, illustrated. Price $3.00

GARRETT & MASSIE, *Publisher*
RICHMOND VIRGINIA



DOUBLY HANDY

Opening through its own passageway directly into Grand Central Terminal, the Hotel Roosevelt offers you perfect convenience on your arrival in New York . . . And because of its location at the heart of Manhattan's great mid-town section, it affords the same kind of convenience for all outside activities . . . Doubly handy and doubly enjoyable . . . Attractive rooms, with shower—$4.00; with tub and shower—$4.50 up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*
MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

Author, Author!

The Shows of Yesteryear. It was not until after he had been discharged from the Marines following World War I, had shipped on ore boats, worked on construction gangs, and finally entered Brown University at his father's urging, that *Frank Hough* ("Neutral Ground") discovered an interest in writing. He was probably spurred on by what he calls his most memorable achievement in college: writing the book for a Rabelaisian musical show called "The Plastered Duchess." It was a take-off on *Percy Marks's* then highly popular "The Plastic Age." The heavy lead in the opus was taken by *Quentin Reynolds* ("The Wounded Don't Cry," "London Diary"). He ad libbed about as much as Hough wrote. "The Plastered Duchess" must have been something pretty special, at that, because when Reynolds and Hough showed up at a Brown dinner only last February the toastmaster was still talking about it.

Too Close for Comfort. *Theodore Pratt* ("Mercy Island") not long ago discovered that a situation he devised for his novel was not too pleasant when he found himself in it in reality. "Mercy Island," readers will remember, is a story of the Florida keys. Its action get under way when a party of fishermen, out after tarpon with a Conch captain named Lowe and a one-boy crew, run aground on a remote key and are marooned. It seemed an interesting situation to the author. But after the novel was issued, Pratt went out from Key West with some friends to try tarpon fishing at night —why at night no one has said. It seemed only an odd coincidence that the party-boat's captain was named Lowe and that his nine-year-old son was acting as crew. When the boat ran aground on a sand bar about five miles out, in the pitch black night, with the tide ebbing, the parallel to the situation in "Mercy Island" became far too close for comfort—especially for the comfort of the author, who knew what happened next to marooned people, at least to the people in his novel. Fortunately the real Captain Lowe had better luck than his fictional counterpart. He managed finally to work the boat loose and get the party safely back to Key West. Along the way they rather forgot about the tarpon.

In Brief. *Leonard Bacon,* winner of this year's Pulitzer Poetry Prize for "Sunderland Capture," had no idea his book was up for consideration. He first heard of his $1,000 prize while listening to a news broadcast at his New York hotel . . . *Sinclair Lewis* and *Lewis Browne* will tour the country this winter in a series of debates on many subjects. Mr. Lewis expects to finish his new novel before the time for setting out. EUGENE ARMFIELD.

Books in Brief

TROUSERS WILL BE WORN, *C. V. R. Thompson, G. P. Putnam's Sons,* $2. "Tommy" Thompson, an Englishman married to a New York society columnist, began his American education with a racy book entitled, "I Lost My English Accent." In this book, Mr. Thompson, without much enthusiasm follows his wife, a newspaper woman, around to "21", El Morocco, Stork Club, and other famous night clubs, and tells of the headaches and amusement he derived from the antics of debutantes, rich playboys, social climbers, celebrities in and out of Hollywood, press agents, and Lucius Beebe—to exquisitely represent the.press. Here is the low-down on one of the more harmless products of today. It is worth reading.

AN ISLAND PATCHWORK, *Eleanor Early, Houghton Mifflin Co.,* $2.50. Nantucket Island is one of the few places where the past and the present meet which Americans can visit in large numbers. The ghosts of Folgers, Coffins, Macys, Starbucks, and the rest still haunt the old burying grounds, the ancient mansions and cottages, the whaling wharves and twisting lanes. Eleanor Early's latest book has found a hundred anecdotes and stories about them, and about the Island they made famous around the world. It is spicy, anecdotal and charming, and good vacation reading.

WHEN THE LIVING STRIVE, *Richard La Piere, Harper & Bros.,* $2.50. This is the story of Lew Gan, a Chinese immigrant, his arrival in San Francisco as a youth from the village of Lion's Jaws in the valley of the Dark Cloud river, the years of his stolid but adventurous toil in the barbarian city, and his death before he can return again to his native land. It is a sympathetic and lively novel portraying Chinatown's struggle through half a century of tong wars, the earthquake, the World War, and the depression.

FIDDLER'S LUCK, *Robert Haven Schauffler, The Island Workshop Press Co-Op., Inc.,* $2. This volume, a reprint, was published in 1920, yet it possesses those qualities which remain above. It has charm, wit, erudition; and it is extremely well-written. You may not play a musical instrument, but you will enjoy these adventures of an amateur cellist who knows his music and who takes you through a long variety of charming experiences.

H. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

THE heat and a startling manifesto, issued by one hundred writers, strike us as being the important news of the week. America's top ranking novelists, poets, essayists, and critics, representing geographically all sections of the United States, have issued a manifesto calling for "all aid at once, whatever that may have to mean" to insure defeat of the totalitarian powers. Writers of all shades of political opinion and the greatest variety of literary endeavor, have united in condemnation of the "obscene and bloody hand" of Hitler. Among the well known writing men and women who endorse the manifesto are: Edna Ferber, Margaret Culkin Banning, Inez Haynes Irwin, Stephen Vincent Benét, Rex Stout, Henry Seidel Canby, Upton Sinclair, E. B. White, Clifton Fadiman, and Virginius Dabney.

★ ★

☞Attention, Poets: New Directions of Norfolk, Connecticut, announce a new poetry competition—for places in the 1941 edition of "Five Young American Poets." The rules are simple. Entrants must be under thirty and have had no previous book of verse published; publication will be on a royalty basis with an advance; judges will be the editors of New Directions and all manuscripts must be in before June 15.

★ ★

☞If we were a poet we'd enter the contest. In our opinion New Directions publishes the most distinguished verse in the country today. They encourage young poets and present their offerings in handsomely printed books or pamphlets at a price that makes good verse available to all. Within the past few months such able writers as William Carlos Williams, Harry Brown, Delmore Schwartz, and Malcolm Cowley have been represented.

★ ★

☞While on the subject of poetry, we hear that Appleton-Century have just published a revised edition of the "Poems of Francis Thompson," edited by the Rev. Terence L. Connolly, S. J. Father Connolly, who is head of the English Department of the Boston College Graduate School, has written biographical and interpretive material for the new edition.

★ ★

☞Frank Frazier is the new president of the Booksellers' Association of Philadelphia. The Lippincott advertising and publicity director was once an intimate of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek whose speeches he helped edit when he was working as a free-lance correspondent in China. Other officers chosen for the coming year are J. Leonard Sessler, vice-president; Elizabeth Morton, secretary; and Peter Reilly, treasurer.

★ ★

☞One of the books we are looking forward to reading is "Father of the Blues," the autobiography of W. C. Handy, Negro composer of the *St. Louis Blues, Memphis Blues, Beale Street Blues,* etc. Unquestionably Handy's contribution to "Blues" music is immense, and the *St. Louis Blues* is still the accepted classic of them all. To one of our years, and we're getting along, "Blues" music seemed to have its greatest vogue and popularity during the prohibition era. When the blind pig and the "needle beer" cellars were the accepted social institutions of the twenties and early thirties, a piano, drum, and saxophone muffled out the laments of "Blues" music. Of course, to a great degree the reaction to the first World War was an important factor too. But there you'd be under a shaded light, in a smoke-filled room, with a glass of the horrible beer that prevailed in those days. Music with a sad note, a wail, seemed most needed and appropriate. And the South contributed most of it. And H. C. Handy is the dean. While we are in this reminiscent spirit the song that seemed to us the greatest of its day, excluding *St. Louis Blues,* was *Melancholy Baby.*

★ ★

☞Many of our readers are familiar with a favorite namesake of ours, the shop called *Trade Winds,* at 56 East 55th Street, which deals in products made by refugees. We'd like to mention another enterprise which is an illustration of our belief that Art is timeless, international, and many-faceted: a place where one may buy completely unphoney Viennese pastries, made by a Viennese lady and served to you, to take out or to eat there with coffee, by a Vienense gentleman, both refugees. The shop is on 63rd Street at Third Avenue, and bears the whimsical name, *Lillian's Dainties.*

★ ★

☞We lend a note of cheer and hope to those writers who are plugging away on their first novel. The past few weeks have been unusually active in the field of new writers who have written extremely good fiction. Critics have been loud in their praises and publishers generous with their advertising budgets. The book that strikes us as one of the best of the group is "Something of a Hero," by I. J. Kapstein, closely followed by Maritta M. Wolff's "Whistle Stop," the Avery Hopwood Prize Novel. Both deal with the American scene, both are long, full-bodied works of able writing, and both indicate a very encouraging trend.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

Important Number of

The Horn Book

The HORN BOOK Magazine for May-June is a special number published in honor of **L. LESLIE BROOKE,** the eminent English illustrator. *Anne Carroll Moore,* Supt. of Work with Children, New York Public Library, and a long-time friend of Mr. Brooke, has gathered the articles and letters about him, and has assisted in the editing of the issue.

In addition to 55 pages of illustrated text on Leslie Brooke and his work, there is an article by the well-known collector of children's books, *Wilbur Macey Stone,* on ***The New England Primer and Watts' Divine Songs.*** The number closes with an article by *Bertha Mahony Miller* on ***Beatrix Potter and Her Nursery Classics.***

The issue is important to: Illustrators, Author-Illustrators, Collectors and Bibliophiles, Libraries, Library Schools and Teachers Colleges, Teachers and Children's Librarians. Parents and others will find delightful reading about rare personalities in the children's book world.

SINGLE COPY, 50 CENTS
YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION (6 ISSUES) $2.50

The Horn Book, 264 Boylston St., Boston

HIGH IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

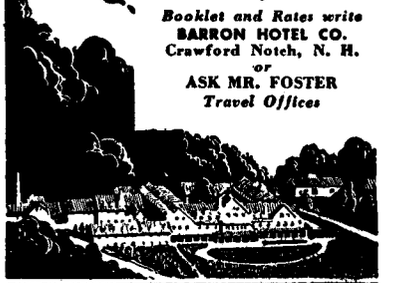
The Crawford House

with a real atmosphere of tradition —coupled with every modern comfort and offering all the sports and entertainment one expects to find at a first class New England establishment. No hay fever. *Restricted Clientele*

SEASON
JULY 1 — OCT. 1

New York Representative
L. S. LAW
500 Fifth Avenue
PEnn 6-9557

Booklet and Rates write
BARRON HOTEL CO.
Crawford Notch, N. H.
or
ASK MR. FOSTER
Travel Offices



CRAWFORD HOUSE
CRAWFORD NOTCH · NEW HAMPSHIRE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of references. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

AGE WILL carve my niche
in the Hall of Fame
But youth's fare
is by Employment gained. Box 449-E.

WORLD FAMOUS SEA-SHELLS direct from Sanibel Island. Colorful. Artistic. 20 kinds. Dollar box. Box 428-E.

MUSIC CRAVED IN APPALACHIA—Have you a portable victrola for school programs in impoverished mountain district? Linda.

MEMORIAL DAY MADE MEMORABLE for Lazyboned Larrys and Spirited Sals. Sleeping and swimming, feasting and fishing. Record library and book stalls to complement the virtues of verandah and shady trees. Well-rolled tennis courts for professionals and amateurs. Box 139. The Woodlands, Phoenicia, New York. $14.50 for three days—$27.50 the week.

VACATION AT SEAMEADOWS, Cousins Island, Maine. Century-old farmhouse beautifully situated on Casco Bay Island. Excellent table, comfortable spool beds, private bathing beaches, modern conveniences. Tuna fishing. Betty Gibson, 291 Commonwealth, Boston.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS, $1.35. DUPLICATE BOARD COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

MAN DRIVING CALIFORNIA early June take one, share. References exchanged. Box 421-E.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for long or short vacations. Excellent food. Separate cottages.

ENVIRONMENT. A boast usually, rarely a reality. Caspian Lake, Vermont's finest, with large summer colony of educators, clergymen, professional people offers much to discriminating persons. Quiet country town, low cost golf. Restricted. Cottages for sale and lease. Farms. Geo. E. Colby, Greensboro, Vermont.

THROUGH TEACHING in this college June 8. Can teach, edit, read, talk, drive, live. Insist on last, Box 437-E.

OLD STONE MILL to remodel. Ever-flowing brook, approximately 1½ acres, $1,200. Also livable frame house, 125 years old, four rooms, two fire-places, beamed ceilings, brook, approximately 2 acres, $2,000. Terms. Additional acreage. Beckett Route 1, Milford, N. J.

FUN FOR ALL AGES at our White Mountain guest farm. All sports. Delightful location. Restricted. Booklet. WHITNEY'S IN JACKSON, N. H., Box 1.

SOUTHERNER seeking security as companion-secretary to elderly lady. Complete qualifications and recommendations furnished upon request. Box 444-E.

FOR THE FISHERMAN AND HIS FOLK—Five home lakes and many streams. Excellent salmon, rainbow, brook and lake trout waters. Private cottages—main lodge—pleasing service. Experienced likeable guides, when desired. Illustrated folder. Opened April 30th. Splendid fishing. QUIMBY'S Cold Spring Club—Averill Northeastern, Vermont.

BUSINESS WOMAN, Scottish, domesticated, desires remunerative evening or weekend employment. Anything legitimate. Suggestions invited. Box 442-E.

OUR EASY TEMPO rests and invigorates. Natural beauty of an oldtime homestead in the Hills. Amiable people, memorable meals. Bachelor summer quarters. The Farm on the Hill, Box 222, Stone Ridge, New York.

PERSONALS

TO RETAIN YOUR SANITY: stop reading newspapers, listening radio, going movies. Read Charles Fort. Box 450-E.

DISGUSTINGLY CAPABLE YOUNG MAN, shortly drafted, will drive car to California for transportation. References exchanged. Box 438-E.

ON FIRE ISLAND, five miles at sea, big airy cottage furnished, five bedrooms, screened porches, sailing, swimming, surf, sun bathing, summer colony. Apply Mrs. Hunt Walbridge, Point O' Woods, New York.

COMMUNITY SETTLEMENT MUSIC SCHOOL in New England desires adaptable secretary-housekeeper, remuneration to include attractive room and board and small financial compensation. Apply only if genuinely interested in musical education of young people. Reply Box 440-E.

WANTED, MOTHER'S HELPER—companion to share joys, tribulations, raising 3 small children in professorial, musical family near Bryn Mawr. No housework. Prime requisites—sunny disposition, experience with and enjoyment of children, willingness to take responsibility. Box 436-E.

FOR RENT—Pemaquid Point, Maine. Modern six-room cottage, garage. Blair, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

WOMAN LIBRARIAN from Southern college interested in subleting accessible, small apartment, or, quiet room with Protestant family in New York City from July 15-August 15. Box 443-E.

REMEMBER YOUR BARE FOOTED DAYS. In our office we have pictures and descriptions of selected Farms and Summer Homes from over sixty Real Estate Firms located in all sections of the Eastern States. We are not a selling organization. Ours is an information service. FARMS—SUMMER HOMES. Call or write. We have no salesmen. PROPERTIES, INC., 152 West 42nd Street, New York City.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

DORSET-VERMONT. Beauty. Green Mountains on every side; sport—golf, tennis, swimming, riding, trails; ease—pleasant house, good beds, food beyond your expectations. Number of guests restricted to six. $25—$32 weekly. Mrs. Sears, Dorset.

FOR SALE OR LEASE, charming modern house and two acres of land in Roxbury, Connecticut. Contains eight rooms, three baths, two-car garage, unfailing water supply. For further particulars address Box 439-E.

POET-TEACHER (Male) 27, wants summer or permanent occupation. Highest qualifications for teaching, literary, secretarial, or domestic services. Talented, experienced. Box 446-E.

"IT DOES HAPPEN HERE" is FREE booklet revealing PHILBROOK FARM INN (Shelburne, N. H.) . . . Cogitate on rugged White Mountain Peaks . . . Placid Androscoggin Valley Meadows . . . succulent food. Irresistible atmosphere . . . interesting Christian guests who DO things in life and Innumerable Exertions and Relaxations . . . and you'll have a faint idea of what we have to offer YOU . . . Utterly Different Booklet T definitely worthwhile reading.

TEACHER—30—healthy-looking, wishes summer employment. Can do office work, act as hostess. Interested in summer resort, or what have you? Loves travel. Box 431-E.

CAMP, BY RIVER, Adirondacks, vicinity Elizabethtown, reasonable. Four rooms, bath, fireplace wood, piano, swimming, tennis, beautiful location. Box 435-E.

FOR RENT, furnished June 15th-September 15th; four bedrooms, two baths, large livingroom; ideally situated near village. Spacious grounds. Reasonable rental. Orrin Mills, Newtown, Connecticut.

REST OR PLAY at the foot of Monadnock. Here you'll find comfort, delicious meals, congenial company and every vacation diversion. For booklet, write G. L. Austermann, SHATTUCK INN, Jaffrey, N. H.

PERSONALS

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, old New England farmhouse by the sea. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a log fire; no radio. Rates—$20 a week.

CURLY HORSE RANCH in July and August is perfect—Open country and mountains—riding—excellent meals—privacy—modern conveniences—picturesque. $30.00 weekly. Write Mimi A. Abbott, Sonoita, Arizona.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

THE INN, GOTTS ISLAND. Spruce woods and meadows. Ocean and bay. Home-grown vegetables and seafood. Address Mrs. E. M. Holmes, Gotts Island, R.F.D. McKinley, Maine.

CABIN IN PINES on Cape Cod. Summer rental. Four rooms furnished for housekeeping. Quiet. Simplicity. Seclusion. Birds and squirrels. Lake. Rowboat. Ocean nearby. Box 445-E.

YOUNG LADY WILL EXCHANGE services for pleasant vacation. Companion or what have you? College graduate, read well, speak French, like travel. Box 448-E.

WILL THE READER who suggested a quiz on swimmers for Your Literary I.Q. please write again? Howard Collins.

CONVERTED BARN off beaten track on Maine Coast. Perfect for large family or small summer school. Woods, fields, private shore. Reasonable rent. Box 434-E.

THE MOORS . . . View of Harbor and sea . . . excellent table, quiet living for a few discriminating guests. Thirty dollars weekly. Harold Vinal, Lane's Island, Vinalhaven, Maine.

SIMPLE COMFORT AND EXCELLENT FOOD at the Firs, Sunset, Maine. Wonderful Scenery, Varied recreations, Christian Clientele. Easily accessible on Unexploited Deer Isle, Center of Penobscot Bay Resort Region. $20-$25 Weekly, American Plan. Booklet. J. E. Knowlton, 36 Comley Place, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

HIGH, COOL, SECLUDED. Beautiful hill farm 50 acres, high above valley on slope of 3,300 ft. mountain; 8-room house, 300 yards horizontally off unbusy blacktop road, mile from village, station. $3,500. Estate, Harry Thompson, Ludlow, Vermont.

HERON ISLAND, MAINE. Attractive, completely furnished, 7-room ocean-front cottage. Sweeping sea and shore view of Christmas Cove, Pemaquid Point and Monhegan Island. Large glassed-in porch, 4 bedrooms, rowboat, $225 season. Box 447-E.

LADY WILL SHARE most attractive country home, 50 miles New York, with lady. References. Box 441-E.

SUMMER COTTAGE LEASE—Modern, well equipped on Caspian Lake (Vermont's finest lake). Easterly view, fireplace, bath, 5 chambers. Colony of educators. Golf. $325.00. Also extra fine one, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces, 6 chambers, sleeping porch. $500. Restricted. References required. Geo. E. Colby, Greensboro, Vermont.

HIGH ON A HILL TOP in the beautiful Lakes Region of New Hampshire . . . miles of mountain ranges before you, the Lake at your feet . . . lies Birchmont, the answer to your vacation quest. Eighty acres to roam, every sport to enjoy, a cabin and fireside of your own, exceptional food in the New England tradition—here is every comfort and facility for a week or a summer of relaxation and inspiration. Rates from $26.50 weekly. Restricted Clientele. For Booklet Address: Russell G. Hemenway, Box 21, Birchmont, East Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

"Surely the most valuable hunting-ground that ever was given to a student of the unusual!"*
—Sherlock Holmes

*The ***PERSONAL*** *advertisements in the London papers [and the SRL, too.]*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

BOOKPLATES

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, great variety. Sample album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue. 20c.

AMERICANA

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Glendale, California. Especially West, Far West and Southwest America. Catalogs on request.

REGIONAL AMERICANA CATALOGUE. National Booksellers, 35 West 36th Street, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Educational, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park, Boston, Mass.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References, 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

RARE BOOKS

MANNADOS BOOKSHOP, 19 East 49th Street, New York. First editions. Fine etchings. Catalogues issued.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

UNUSUAL wants promptly supplied. Catalogs. CHARTEROCK, Roseland, New Jersey.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

"ASK SHARAN." He has them. BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 90 Years of Back Number. SHARAN'S, 111 W. 17th Street, New York City.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES 1888-1941, Reader's Digest, Antiques, SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS, Buxbaum, Box 327, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

Double-Crostics: No. 375

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1- D	2- G	3- K	4- B		5- S	6- R	7- L	8- U	9- M	10- H	11- P	12- G	13- E		14- I	15- L
16- F	17- B	18- D	19- Q	20- W	21- J	22- R		23- B	24- C		25- F	26- A	27- I		28- A	29- H
30- R		31- K	32- H	33- R	34- O		35- S	36- I	37- J	38- P	39- N	40- U	41- K	42- H	43- A	44- X
45- T	46- L		47- N	48- C	49- B		50- L	51- X	52- W	53- H	54- J	55- K	56- R	57- S	58- Y	59- O
	60- C	61- F		62- D	63- A		64- C	65- D		66- Q	67- L	68- I	69- O	70- P	71- T	72- E
	73- C	74- G		75- E	76- H	77- B		78- L	79- V	80- W	81- O	82- X	83- U	84- N	85- K	
86- W	87- H	88- P	89- M	90- A	91- I	92- Y	93- O	94- R	95- J		96- F	97- B	98- I	99- J		100- G
101- V	102- I	103- M	104- F		105- S	106- O	107- U	108- J	109- K	110- Q	111- E	112- L	113- Y	114- P	115- N	116- D
	117- V	118- D	119- G	120- E		121- V	122- C	123- W	124- L		125- W	126- B	127- I	128- M	129- E	
130- G	131- H		132- S	133- H	134- U	135- P	136- Q	137- G	138- R	139- A		140- I	141- N		142- D	143- C
144- K		145- Y	146- S	147- J	148- H	149- V	150- K	151- A	152- W		153- X	154- D	155- E	156- K	157- N	
158- V	159- U	160- S	161- P	162- Y	163- Q	164- E		165- J	166- D	167- I	168- Y	169- A		170- T	171- P	
172- B		173- X	174- P	175- V	176- S	177- J	178- O	179- Q	180- N		181- X	182- R	183- J	184- M	185- P	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Ascetics who lived on pillar-tops (hist.)

B. Quenching thirst, as certain fruits.

C. Spurious.

D. Greek painter of the Sicyonian School (about 400 B.C.)

E. Elegant or well-turned expression.

F. Water opossum.

G. Posted-up advertisement (Fr.)

H. Order to steersman to keep vessel close to the wind (2 wds.)

I. Announced of Patroclus's death to Achilles.

J. Famous slave case in Missouri Compromise.

K. State of public opinion for peace.

L. Favorably received.

M. Ship regularly plying over a route.

N. Practiced person (2 wds.)

O. Character typifying the Parisian gamin *(Les Miserables)*.

P. English Parliament, 1768-1774.

Q. Quixotically adventurous.

R. County in S. W. England.

S. Virtual or potential.

T. Male nilgai.

U. Delineator.

V. Characteristic mark of distinction.

W. Disguised English merrymakers at Christmas.

X. Noisy clamor or protest.

Y. American dramatist (1888-).

WORDS

151 28 169 26 43 139 63 90

172 49 23 17 4 97 126 77

48 73 60 143 64 122 24

142 18 62 166 65 1 154 118 116

111 13 72 75 129 155 164 120

96 25 16 61 104

137 74 100 130 12 2 119

131 32 76 29 148 87 42 133 10 53

102 36 140 167 27 91 68 14 98 127

165 183 108 95 21 177 54 147 37

150 55 144 109 3 156 41 85 31

15 50 67 46 7 112 124 78

184 128 103 89 9

141 39 180 157 47 115 84

59 106 93 99 69 81 178 34

70 171 174 38 161 114 88 135 11 185

179 136 163 66 19 110

138 182 6 30 33 22 94 56

35 160 146 105 5 132 57 176

71 170 45

40 159 107 134 8 83

79 149 121 101 175 158 117

125 86 52 152 20 123 80

44 51 153 173 82 181

145 58 162 113 92 168

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Will you read this book on our say-so?"

Clifton Fadiman

famous interlocutor of "Information, Please!", who is also famous as the Literary Editor of *The New Yorker*.

Sinclair Lewis

winner of the Nobel Prize, author of books like *Main Street, Arrowsmith* and *Babbitt*, which today are already considered classics.

Carl Van Doren

wrote the best-selling biography of *Benjamin Franklin*. He is also editor of the famous *Cambridge History of American Literature*.

Alexander Woollcott

famous as America's Town Crier, author of *While Rome Burns*. Mr. Woollcott frequently has called your attention to good books.

THIS is not really one book, it is a trilogy of novels. This trilogy was written by Henry Handel Richardson. Now, Henry Handel Richardson is not a man. She is a woman, an English woman, who has written a trilogy of novels which form one of the most enjoyable literary works of the twentieth century. It is a trilogy of novels which is generally considered one of the great works of literature of our time.

The first of these novels was called *Australia Felix*, and it appeared in 1917. Its publication was as quiet as the dropping of a pebble in an ocean. Then she issued a novel called *The Way Home*. But this novel also proved to be a pebble, dropped in the same ocean.

When the final volume of the trilogy, *Ultima Thule*, was published, The Book-of-the-Month Club was in existence. That Club's judges seized upon *Ultima Thule* as one of their earliest selections, and the book was sent to about fifty thousand subscribers at its issue price of $2.50. After twenty-one years of discouragement, Henry Handel Richardson had become a best-seller!

Was this trilogy born to blush unseen?

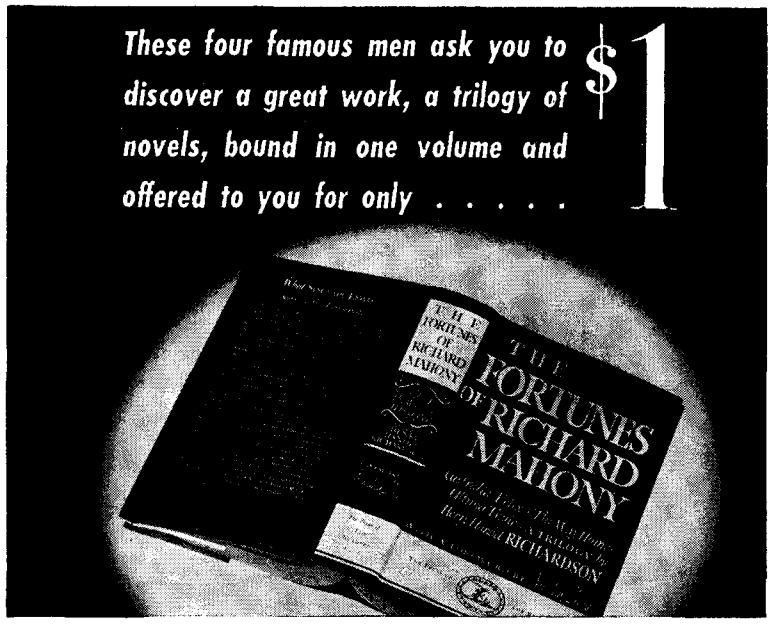
WELL, YOU have heard of CLIFTON FADIMAN, you have heard of ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, you have heard of SINCLAIR LEWIS and you have heard of CARL VAN DOREN. You may not yet have learned the exciting news, that these four men have decided to organize themselves as the Selecting Committee of The Readers Club. They have announced that they will arrange to re-publish, through The Readers Club, just such books as these three novels which form Henry Handel Richardson's great trilogy.

These men are among this country's most famous, most admired men-of-letters. They are prodigious readers. They often admire books which do not come to the attention of the reading public.

This fact bothers them. If *you* are part of the reading public, they do their best to find you: to tell you about these admirable and entertaining books. *Lost Horizon*, for one example, was dozing upon its publisher's shelves, until ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT told you about it over the radio. *Of Human Bondage* was little known for years after its first publication, until CARL VAN DOREN joined with a few others in telling you about it.

Here is their new discovery!

THE TRILOGY of novels about Richard Mahony has been known to these men for years. It has been known to others, of course. Of it, *The Saturday Review of Literature* said: "It is the soundest accomplishment of English fiction in the twentieth century, on a level with, if not higher than, Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles."


These four famous men ask you to discover a great work, a trilogy of novels, bound in one volume and offered to you for only $1
THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY
RICHARDSON

Yet it is little known!

HOW DOES it come about, that you have not heard of this trilogy of novels? Well, it often happens. Sometimes a good book does not receive enough advertising and publicity. Sometimes a good book is published at a time when catastrophic world events overshadow its publication.

But these four famous men have now organized The Readers Club to save good books from oblivion, to help you to *discover* these good books which were NOT born to blush unseen. The Readers Club plans to issue a new edition of one such book each month, and to distribute these new editions to the members of the Club at a cost of only one dollar each.

So the trilogy of novels about Richard Mahony have been grouped together now under the title of THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY. This month, copies of this book are being distributed to the members of the Club.

The book contains nearly one thousand pages. It has been designed by W. A. DWIGGINS, one of America's most famous designers of books; the entire text is set in new type and printed from new plates, on a paper of good quality, and staunchly bound in blue linen stamped with aluminum leaf.

There are 75,000 copies!

THE READERS CLUB is already a pronounced success. The first book was distributed in March. Although only 40,000 copies could be printed, nearly 50,000 members joined up.

The second book was distributed in April. Although only 50,000 could be printed, there were nearly 60,000 members at the time of publication.

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY is the third book published for the members of the Club, and 75,000 copies have been printed. If you want to have one of them, you should apply for a membership immediately.

How you may become a member:

YOU ARE urged to enroll yourself now as a member of The Readers Club. You will then receive a copy of THE READER (edited by CARL VAN DOREN, designed by W. A. DWIGGINS) containing articles and essays of general interest, and a reprint of SINCLAIR LEWIS' splendid introduction to THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY; and a description of next month's publication.

You are not obligated to accept or keep any of the books. If any of the Club's publications does not seem the kind of book which will interest you, you may reject it in advance. Or, even after you get the book, you may return it if you do not like it. You therefore pay for each book with which you are satisfied. If, however, you do not buy six books within one year, we cannot afford to keep you in the membership, and we will find it necessary to drop your name.

Remember that each of these entertaining and well-made books will cost you *only one dollar!* There is no book club in America which distributes books at so low a price: for this price *includes* the cost of wrapping and postage.

On these very liberal terms, you are asked to fill in the membership form below, and mail it in immediately, if you are to obtain the trilogy of novels called THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

THE READERS CLUB, 41 EAST 57 STREET, NEW YORK:

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that you will publish for the members one book each month, selected for publication by the Committee consisting of Clifton Fadiman, Sinclair Lewis, Alexander Woollcott, and Carl Van Doren as chairman. It is understood that you will send each book to me for one dollar, which price is to *include the costs of wrapping and postage*. It is understood that you will send me a copy of THE READER each month, in which I will find a description of the forthcoming month's publication; that I may then send you word to refrain from sending the book to me, or may even return the book to you within five days after receiving it if I am not pleased with it. Finally, however, it is understood that my name is to be dropped from the membership lists if I do not accept and pay for six books within one year.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

S-3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED